New Oxford Item.

H. I. SMITH, EDITOR — AN INDEPENDENT LOCAL JOURNAL. — ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM.

Volume XI. New Oxford, Pa., Friday, August 16, 1889. Number 5.

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Chemicas.
Patent Medicines,
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Fancy Goods.
Fine Stationery.
Notions, &c.,
Cigars & Tobacco.
Choice Wines and Liquors,
for medical use only.

Careful Preparation of Prescriptions our specialty.

Also, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, etc., for Sale. Repairing done, and work guaranteed. ☞All goods in either department warranted as represented.

We are prepared to do
All Kinds of Job Work!

Great Bargains In
FURNITURE!

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"The Elixir of Life."

The doctors throughout the country are experimenting with the newly discovered elixir of life, which Dr. Brown-Sequard, of Paris, has drawn the attention of the world to by his success.

It is claimed for the elixir that its use will give strength to the debilitated, make the old young and restore the diseased to vigor and activity, restore the ravages of time and transform the feeble and despondent to buoyant youthfulness. The elixir is said to exhilarate the patient without producing the effects which follow the use of stimulants or drugs.

The elixir is made from the pancreas, liver, spinal cord, and brain of healthy lambs, rabbits, &c. The nerve tissues are extracted from these organs and converted into liquid form. The liquid produced contains the vital cells which sustain the life of the animal. These cells, while still living, are introduced into the human system. They are administered by hypodermic injections into the arm. The theory is that the cells of life being destroyed in man, by age or disease, he can be revitalized by the introduction of new cells into his tissues.

Dr. H. C. Brainard, an eminent physician of Cleveland, Ohio, has been experimenting with the elixir, and it was used on several patients with startling success. The first injection was made into his own system, and the physician says that the effect on him was strengthening in a remarkable degree. Without their knowledge Dr. Brainard tried the discovery on several patients, and in each case there was marked improvement in the health of the patient. One man, aged 70, had been gradually sinking away, and for weeks has not been able to leave his bed. Dr. Brainard injected a drachm of the fluid under the old man's skin and the next day he arose and walked a mile. He described himself as feeling twenty years younger.

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The people a few miles west of Martin's Ferry, Ohio, are much exercised over the antics of a "wild woman," who has, for several days, been hiding about hay stacks and hedges in that section. Hundreds of people have seen her, and she is described as having regular features, dark hair, much grace of bearing and to be really beautiful, except for an insane glare in her eyes. Her clothing is scant, but not uncouth and, altogether, she is rather a picturesque sight. She carries a revolver and has, once or twice, threatened venturesome people with it. When disturbed she has the mein of a tiger. Presumably, she is an escaped lunatic, although no trace of her identity can be found. The country people regard her with superstitious awe and, so far, no effort has been made to capture her. She lives on fruits, apparently, and seems content to sit for hours looking at the sky so long as left alone.

A strange circumstance occurred at Rockport, W. Va., in connection with the flood disaster. Miss Sheets, daughter of James Sheets, lost her voice last winter, and since then had not been able to speak, except in a whisper. The night of the flood the water came up around the house. In attempting to leave the house Miss Sheets stumbled and fell. She was badly frightened, of course, and tried to scream for help. Immediately she recovered her voice and found that she could speak as well as ever.

One of the finest and most costly mausoleums in the country is about to be erected a San Francisco cemetery to receive the remains of the late Charles Crocker and ultimately those of his wife and children. The monument is of the Greek style and will cover the whole plot in the cemetery, which is circular and 60 feet in diameter. It will be of unpolished stone and solid, except that in the base will be a vault for the bodies of Mr. Crocker and wife and other members of the family. The whole design is simple, plain and impressive. The cost of the monument will be about $100,000.

The motto of the proprietors of Dr. Henry Baxter's Mandrake Bitters is, "the greatest good to the greatest number," and so sell a large bottle of a valuable remedy for 25cts, and warrant every bottle to give satisfaction or money refunded.
For sale by J. W. Barnitz

After spending $675,000,000 since 1871 in fortifying their frontiers, the French were horrified last year to find that the progress of artillery science in Germany has already rendered their new defences absolute and worthless. While the French have been building forts, the Germans have been demolishing theirs. The military policy of the German General Stall may be summed up in three words—troops, telegraph, trains.

A horrible butchery is reported from McDowell county, W. Va. A widow named Gills lived in a remote district in the county with two daughters about grown. They were poor but respectabile people. Friday neighbors found all three dead. They had evidently been criminally assaulted and murdered. There is no clue to the perpetrators.

Preparations for the G. A. R. National Encampment, at Milwaukee are going forward actively. A naval battle, the cost of which is to be over $10,000, and a grand parade on the 27th inst., are to be among the features of the gathering.

Mrs. James C. Hoff, of Fair Chance, Fayette county, has sworn out a warrant for the arrest of her husband, who has eloped with her 16-year old daughter, Lillie A. Haywood, by her first husband. The couple lived formerly at Monongahela, Pa., where Mrs. Haywood was divorced from Mesheck Haywood and married Hoff.

There was a terrific explosion of a natural gas main on the South Side of Pittsburg, Friday evening, which resulted in the killing of two men instantly, and fatally injuring some 15 others.

Otto Ziegler, 15 years old, accomplished a daring feat Sunday. He jumped from the top rail of the suspension bridge at Cincinnati into the Ohio river, a distance of ninety feet. The boy undertook the leap to satisfy an ambition to beat all previous records. Some years ago a man named Ward made the jump when there were eighteen feet of water in the channel, while there were but sixteen feet Sunday. Zeigler lost his balance as he fell and struck the water on his stomach, but was not injured. He swam to a skiff in which were two of his friends, and although out of breath he was soon brought around all right.

The extensive plant of the Spreckles sugar refinery, at Reed street wharf, Philadelphia, is to be duplicated after the present buildings are completed, about the 1st of September. This addition, it is announced, will give the doubled refinery a capacity for producing 4,000,000 pounds of sugar daily. It will also increase the amount of capital invested to about $4,000,000 or $5,000,000. The contract cost of finishing the first set of buildings, independent of the improved and costly machinery, is estimated at about $1,500,000.

Mrs. Maybrick, a young American wedded to an Englishman, was found guilty on the 7th, at Liverpool England, of poisoning her husband, and sentenced to death. A memorial to the government in her behalf has been signed by most of the Liverpool lawyers. The memorial asks that the prisoner be reprieved on the ground of the conflicting nature of the medical evidence at her trial. A similar petition is being circulated among the merchants and brokers, and is receiving many signatures. There is a general ferment throughout the country against the verdict.

Under the supervision of William K. Beard, master carpenter of the Philadelphia division of the Pennsylvania railroad, the iron bridge over Mill creek, in Lancaster county, was moved Sunday morning. The bridge is 258 feet in length and weighs 500,000 lbs. It was moved after the passage of a train, and in twelve minutes was in its new position, forty five feet distant. In fifty-nine and a-half minutes trains were running over the bridge.

An editor works 365¼ days per year to get out fifty-two issues of a paper; that's labor. Once in a while somebody pay's him a year's subscription; that's capital. And once in a while some son of a gun of a deadhead takes the paper for a year or two and vanishes without paying for it; that's anarchy. But later on justice will overtake the last named creature, for there is a place where he will get his deserts; that's ——.—Ex.

The dried leaves of the coca plant, which is cultivated on the slopes of the Andes, form an important article of internal trade among the various native tribes. It is estimated that not less than 30,000,000 pounds are consumed annually. After the morning meal men and women alike take a mouthful of the leaves mixed with a little lime; fresh leaves are added throughout the day, and without any additional food the consumer is enabled to do a hard day's work.

A collision occurred near Forest Lawn, N. Y., on the Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg railroad, Friday morning. The night express bound west ran into a Rochester train which was backing down, telescoping four cars of the train and killing one person and badly injuring eight other persons.

Eight desperate tramps attempted to cut their way out of the Berks county jail Sunday night. They removed an iron bar and were about to take French leave when they were detected. They are now in iron-clads, feeding on bread and water.

A common cold should not be neglected. Down's Elixir will cure it.
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Bucks county farmers are complaining that the excessive rains have caused potatoes to rot.

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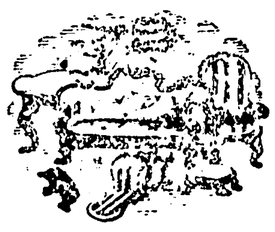

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The people a few miles west of Martin's Ferry, Ohio, are much exercised over the antics of a "wild woman," who has, for several days, been hiding about hay stacks and hedges in that section. Hundreds of people have seen her, and she is described as having regular features, dark hair, much grace of bearing and to be really beautiful, except for an insane glare in her eyes. Her clothing is scant, but not uncouth and, altogether, she is rather a picturesque sight. She carries a revolver and has, once or twice, threatened ventursome people with it. When disturbed she has the mein of a tiger. Presumably, she is an escaped lunatic, although no trace of her identity can be found. The country people regard her with superstitious awe and, so far, no effort has been made to capture her. She lives on fruits, apparently, and seems content to sit for hours looking at the sky so long as left alone.

A strange circumstance occurred at Rockport, W. Va., in connection with the flood disaster. Miss Sheets, daughter of James Sheets, lost her voice last winter, and since then had not been able to speak, except in a whisper. The night of the flood the water came up around the house. In attempting to leave the house Miss Sheets stumbled and fell. She was badly frightened, of course, and tried to scream for help. Immediately she recovered her voice and found that she could speak as well as ever.

One of the finest and most costly mausoleums in the country is about to be erected a San Francisco cemetery to receive the remains of the late Charles Crocker and ultimately those of his wife and children. The monument is of the Greek style and will cover the whole plot in the cemetery, which is circular and 60 feet in diameter. It will be of unpolished stone and solid, except that in the base will be a vault for the bodies of Mr. Crocker and wife and other members of the family. The whole design is simple, plain and impressive. The cost of the monument will be about $100,000.

The motto of the proprietors of Dr. Henry Baxter's Mandrake Bitters is, "the greatest good to the greatest number," and so sell a large bottle of a valuable remedy for 25cts, and warrant every bottle to give satisfaction or money refunded.
For sale by J. W. Barnitz

After spending $675,000,000 since 1871 in fortifying their frontiers, the French were horrified last year to find that the progress of artillery science in Germany has already rendered their new defences absolute and worthless. While the French have been building forts, the Germans have been demolishing theirs. The military policy of the German General Stall may be summed up in three words—troops, telegraph, trains.

A horrible butchery is reported from McDowell county, W. Va. A widow named Gills lived in a remote district in the county with two daughters about grown. They were poor but respectable people. Friday neighbors found all three dead. They had evidently been criminally assaulted and murdered. There is no clue to the perpetrators.

Preparations for the G. A. R. National Encampment, at Milwaukee are going forward actively. A naval battle, the cost of which is to be over $10,000, and a grand parade on the 27th inst., are to be among the features of the gathering.

Mrs. James C. Hoff, of Fair Chance, Fayette county, has sworn out a warrant for the arrest of her husband, who has eloped with her 16-year old daughter, Lillie A. Haywood, by her first husband. The couple lived formerly at Monongahela, Pa., where Mrs. Haywood was divorced from Mesheck Haywood and married Hoff.

There was a terrific explosion of a natural gas main on the South Side of Pittsburg, Friday evening, which resulted in the killing of two men instantly, and fatally injuring some 15 others.

Otto Ziegler, 15 years old, accomplished a daring feat Sunday. He jumped from the top rail of the suspension bridge at Cincinnati into the Ohio river, a distance of ninety feet. The boy undertook the leap to satisfy an ambition to beat all previous records. Some years ago a man named Ward made the jump when there were eighteen feet of water in the channel, while there were but sixteen feet Sunday. Zeigler lost his balance as he fell and struck the water on his stomach, but was not injured. He swam to a skiff in which were two of his friends, and although out of breath he was soon brought around all right.

The extensive plant of the Spreckles sugar refinery, at Reed street wharf, Philadelphia, is to be duplicated after the present buildings are completed, about the 1st of September. This addition, it is announced, will give the doubled refinery a capacity for producing 4,000,000 pounds of sugar daily. It will also increase the amount of capital invested to about $4,000,000 or $5,000,000. The contract cost of finishing the first set of buildings, independent of the improved and costly machinery, is estimated at about $1,500,000.

Mrs. Maybrick, a young American wedded to an Englishman, was found guilty on the 7th, at Liverpool England, of poisoning her husband, and sentenced to death. A memorial to the government in her behalf has been signed by most of the Liverpool lawyers. The memorial asks that the prisoner be reprieved on the ground of the conflicting nature of the medical evidence at her trial. A similar petition is being circulated among the merchants and brokers, and is receiving many signatures. There is a general ferment throughout the country against the verdict.

Under the supervision of William K. Beard, master carpenter of the Philadelphia division of the Pennsylvania railroad, the iron bridge over Mill creek, in Lancaster county, was moved Sunday morning. The bridge is 258 feet in length and weighs 500,000 lb. It was moved after the passage of a train, and in twelve minutes was in its new position, forty five feet distant. In fifty-nine and a-half minutes trains were running over the bridge.

An editor works 365¼ days per year to get out fifty-two issues of a paper; that's labor. Once in a while somebody pay's him a year's subscription; that's capital. And once in a while some son of a gun of a deadhead takes the paper for a year or two and vanishes without paying for it; that's anarchy. But later on justice will overtake the last named creature, for there is a place where he will get his deserts; that's ——.—Ex.

The dried leaves of the coca plant, which is cultivated on the slopes of the Andes, form an important article of internal trade among the various native tribes. It is estimated that not less than 30,000,000 pounds are consumed annually. After the morning meal men and women alike take a mouthful of the leaves mixed with a little lime; fresh leaves are added throughout the day, and without any additional food the consumer is enabled to do a hard day's work.

A collision occurred near Forest Lawn, N. Y., on the Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg railroad, Friday morning. The night express bound west ran into a Rochester train which was backing down, telescoping four cars of the train and killing one person and badly injuring eight other persons.

Eight desperate tramps attempted to cut their way out of the Berks county jail Sunday night. They removed an iron bar and were about to take French leave when they were detected. They are now in iron-clads, feeding on bread and water.

A common cold should not be neglected. Down's Elixir will cure it.
For sale by J. W. Barnitz.

Bucks county farmers are complaining that the excessive rains have caused potatoes to rot.

Says the Kansas City *Times*: "Minister Child sends us from Siam a copy of the Bangkok *Times*, in which a graceful compliment is paid to Postmaster-General Somdetch Phra Cow Nong Ya Thoe Chow Fa Bhanurangsi Swangwongse Krome Phra Bhanubhandhawongse Varadej. We renew assurances of esteem to Som and hope he may live as long as his name."

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While two nations, France and America, were striving with each other in bidding for the "Angelus" of Millet, recently sold at auction in Paris, and offered almost fabulous prices for the painting, the artist's widow was living in extreme poverty at Barbizon. The Paris Louvre pays $110,000 for the canvas, more than poor Millet received for all his works, perhaps, and his widow starves while a nation trembles with patriotic exultation over one painting. Of the "Angelus" the Boston *Transcript* relates the following story: "A wealthy Bostonian, hearing that such men as Mr. Brimmer and Mr. Shaw were likely to buy many of Millet's pictures, betook himself to the studio at Brabizon, France, and gave the painter an order. 'The Little Potato Diggers' was the result, but when the patron came to see the picture he was disappointed. He had expected something wholly different. The composition was novel and did not altogether please him—a flat horizon with two figures standing upright in the centre of a rather large canvas. Millet saw the look of disappointment and quietly turned the canvas to the wall, adding, 'we'll say no more about it.' The American went his way. Within a few years this picture, afterward called 'The Angelus,' changed hands for the second or third time at a price of $52,000." Now $125,000 have been offered for it.

A SONG OF THE ROAD.

Come, comrades, since the way is long
Let's 'liven it by tune and song,
And greeting give to all we pass:
To white-of-head, to light-of-heart,
To matron grave and laughing lass.

Hurrah for lane and by-way,
For distant path and nigh way,
For friends we greet, for foes we meet,
Along the world's broad highway!

'Tis morning-break; lithe limbs are strong:
Who dreams of crime and guilt and wrong?
Yon youngling and his violet eyes?
Nay, light-of-mind and love-so-blind
Are wisdom-proof and folly wise.

Hurrah for lane and by-way,
For distant path and nigh way,
For friends we greet, for foes we meet,
Along the world's broad highway!

'Tis noontide; let us spend an hour
Dream drinking ere we lose the power,
And all our pleasure disappears,
Since slight-of heart and blight-of-heart
Have sworn the goblet smacks of tears.

Hurrah for lane and by-way,
For distant path and nigh way,
For friends we greet, for foes we meet,
Along the world's broad highway!

'Tis night and low; foul thieves have mobbed
The weak ones here and left them robbed
Of hope, and faith, and love, and rest;
But sure-of-soul and pure-of-soul
Still fold their treasures to their breast.

Hurrah for lane and by-way,
For distant path and nigh way,
For every one whose journey's done,
Who's gained the distant sky-way!
—Julie M. Lippmann, in the Century.

THE PATRIOT FUGITIVE.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

Comely Mistress Sally Suydam sat on a low bench beneath the apple-tree in her back yard, shelling peas. Delicate petals from the fragrant blossoms overhead dropped upon her; the bluebird perched upon the hollow stump hard by sang to her a song of spring and sunshine; the fresh morning breeze that made ripples all across the golden surface of Flushing Bay to mark its progress, came to lift carelessly the soft, brown curls on her temples. Before her, on an upturned pail, rested a gaunt old man, with white hair, and long, bony fingers that were interlocked over his knobby knee.

"Indeed," spoke Mistress Suydam, continuing her conversation, "it is hard that Abner should be so long away from his home and in peril of his life, but he would be no true American did he lag at his wife's apron string when his country has need of him. And, of a truth, instead of repining I should rejoice daily that he is still alive and at liberty. I think I would rather hear that he had fallen on the field than that he was a prisoner in the cruel hands of the British——"

"In that Jersey prison ship. Verily, it is wondrous that men endure to live in that hell upon earth if the half that is told of it be true."

"The half of its horrors hath not been told!" exclaimed a suppressed but distinct voice, from the clump of lilac bushes behind Mistress Suydam. The good dame gave a little jump and an exclamation of alarm, while the gaunt man sprang to his feet. Peering in the direction of the voice, they saw under the bushes, close to the ground, the haggard, yellow face of a man with great wild eyes and tangled hair and beard.

"Who are you, and what want you here?" demanded Mistress Suydam, stoutly.

"Robert Jameson: a fugitive from the Jersey prison-ship am I, and sore in need of all that man may need to live."

"Come forth, man; come forth. You shall need no longer here," responded the old man earnestly, going toward him.

"Back—back! Keep your distance, man! There is death in my garments—the poison of the prison-fever. Stand aloof; but I pray you lay some food where I may get it without coming anigh you."

While he spoke Mistres Suydam reflected, and when he had ceased, quickly took the ordering of affairs in her hands. Giving to the old man—who was none other than the patriot-parson Egbert Ellis—a suit of her soldier-husband's clothing, she instructed him to see that the fugitive, after casting away his infected garments, bathed in the creek at the foot of the garden, and then put on the clean raiment, by which time she would have a good breakfast ready for him.

When Jameson's hunger had been appeased, he told his story:

"I was taken prisoner through the running down of the boat I was in on the Hudson, and was put aboard the prison-ship three months ago. The night before last I sprang overboard, being willing rather to die than live longer there; but coming ashore a little below the tide-mill, I managed to make my way into the country, and since then, hiding when I could, and running when I dared, I have fled thus far, eating nothing until now. How anxiously I listened to your speech, to learn if ye were friends or foes!"

"Is life on the prison-ship indeed so terrible as men say?" asked Mistress Suydam.

"Only the dead have learned all its horrors, but the living there know enough to madden them. Twelve hundred men are crowded in a space that would not suffice for the healthful keeping of one-fourth so many. They are scantily fed upon tainted meat and vermin-infested bread, so that violent and fatal disorders are rife among them. The dreaded fever hath broken out, and so rages that at times as many as two hundred die of it in a night. Through sheer malignity the British officers refuse water even to those parched with the fever, and find sport in seeing their burning thirst drive them mad. Often in the inky darkness of the lower gun-deck, where they are confined at night, the startling cry is heard: 'Look to yourselves! One here hath gone mad and he hath a knife.' And the madman, knowing not what he does, slashes right and left with his weapon, until in self-defense they must kill him—and all that in the dark. And that much amuses the British officers.

"Lord, let death seize upon them, and let them go down quick into hell," ejaculated the pastor, in fervent quotation of the psalmist.

"Amen!" responded Jameson between his clinched teeth, continuing his narrative. "It is a common sport with them to cast apples among the prisoners to set them fighting. The wretched men, whose minds are weakened by their sufferings, seem maddened, at sight of the tempting fruit, and will beat and tear each other, with claws and teeth, like starving, ravenous beasts, to get possession of it—whereat the British officers laugh heartily and enjoy themselves mightily."

"Lord, let burning coals fall upon them; let them be cast into the fire, into deep pits, that they rise not up again," broke forth the parson.

"Men are shot down like dogs by the sentries, who act under orders, excuse therefor being found in the slightest breach of discipline."

"Woe unto the wicked! It shall be ill with him, for the reward of his hands shall be given him."

"Again and again a cartel hath come for an exchange of prisoners, and those upon whom Death's hand is already laid have been sorted out to send away, while those with more life in them were put back with the cruel jibe: 'You have not been here long enough; you are too well to exchange.'"

"Lord, how long shall the wicked triumph?"

Mistress Suydam's cheeks were very pale, and her eyes blazed with indignation. Each of the excited parson's scriptural quotations were expressive of her sentiments, but she did not open her lips until he uttered, as a prayer:

"Lord, root them out of the land of of the living; pity them not, nor spare, nor have mercy, but destroy them utterly."

Then she earnestly ejaculated: "Amen!"

All that day Robert Jameson lay in hiding among the bushes back of Mistress Suydam's house, resting, sleeping and rapidly regaining his strength, while she watched over his safety and fed him.

Parson Ellis went away. Before taking his departure, he told the fugitive:

"I am over here on a mission in which it may be God's will that I shall lay down my life, and, indeed, the chance for it is so great that I set small store by the boat that is moored in the bay near the mouth of this creek. If I come off alive, I shall easily find another boat. This one you had better take, and, as soon as the moon hath set to-night, sail for New London, where you will be safe. Go not before, lest you be overhauled on the sound and recaptured."

"I will never be taken alive," answered Robert, firmly.

"You are a brave man, and I do not doubt your intent, but we are all in the hand of God. If you reach New London safely, give the boat in charge of Ebenezer Holden, whom you will easily find. And now, farewell."

Robert feared to remain in the house, lest he might be surprised by a party of the British dragoons, who as he was informed, were continually scouring the island. Near nightfall Mistress Suydam came rushing down to him from the upper window where she had long been sitting, watching that she might note the approach of an enemy far off.

"The dragoons are coming!" she cried to him.

A dozen of them were coming down the road at an easy, swinging trot, with Captain Tileston at their head. Of course the fugitive imagined that they were in pursuit of him, but they were not. He was supposed to have been drowned and eaten by the sharks, numbers of which savage creatures were attracted to the vicinity of the prison-ship by the prey that was either tossed to them or that voluntarily leaped overboard. The dragoons had quite another object than his capture in their coming. But he thought only of flight.

He ran swiftly down the brook crouching below the line of rank grass that margined its banks, until he reached the bay, where he plunged on and disappeared. Day was ended by this time, but the early-rising moon gave so clear a light that he did not dare to attempt reaching the parson's boat, though it was only four or five rods from where he took to the water. A couple of the dragoons rode leisurely down to the bay, and there sat upon their horses, chatting. They were discussing the catching of spies who were supposed to land there from the Connecticut or New York shore. Presently Captain Tileson, with four more men, joined them. They had stopped to search for rebels in Mistress Suydam's house. The Captain had a plan.

"It is useless," he said, "for us to attempt the capture, upon the water, of those Yankee spies, who have eyes like hawks by day and owls by night, and could see us long before we could see them. We must let them land. As I have sharper sight than any of you at night, I will conceal myself in the boat and watch for them. You will hide in yonder clump of woods. When they land I will signal to you, by imitating the plover's cry, which way to dash to fall upon them—once for this way, twice for that—and at the same moment will seize their boat to cut off their retreat."

So it was arranged. One of the dragoons waded out to the parson's little sail-boat and drew her in so that the Captain could step aboard dry-shod, after which he moored her out again. Then the dragoons went away into the woods, and the Captain lay down in the boat to watch and wait for events. Events were rapidly approaching him that he had no conception of.

A big, floating bunch of sedge grass drifted out from near the shore toward the boat, slowly approaching it closer and closer. At length it seemed to lodge against the boat. The Captain did not notice it. He was looking in the opposite direction. Noiselessly a head rose out of the water behind him—the head of Robert Jameson—close by the bunch of floating grass. The next moment a long arm reached over the low side of the boat, and a powerful hand gripped the Captain's throat—gripped it with such ferocious energy that it cut off his breath, made the world turn black before him, and seemed to paralyze him. Before he could make a movement of self defense, or a sound, a man rolled into the boat upon him, and seizing one of his big holster pistols that he had laid beside him, dealt such a blow upon his temple that he was stunned and lay as still as if dead.

When the Captain recovered his senses he found himself bound hand and foot with the anchor rope. His captor had stepped the mast. The little sail was bellying full with a favoring southeast breeze, and the shore was far behind. The next morning he was turned over to the military authorities at New London as a prisoner; and undesirable as that fortune of war may be deemed, he at least had the consolation of knowing that in the hands of Americans he would suffer from no such fiendish inhumanity as was practiced under the English flag aboard the Jersey prison-ship

Robert Jameson was regarded as quite a hero in New London, where he promptly re-entered the service, and fought bravely until the end of the war.—*Frank Leslie's.*

How Cotton is Picked in the South.

A prominent Georgia cotton planter, was seen the other evening airing himself in the corridor of one of the uptown hotels.

"When does cotton picking begin?"

"Not till the latter part of July, but it is just the time that the crop is maturing that we need the best weather. After the cotton begins to ripen the picking goes forward without intermission till the Christmas holidays, and sometimes later."

"How is the picking done?"

"Each hand is supplied with a big basket and a bag. The basket is left at the end of the cotton row, and the bag is suspended from the neck of the picker by a strap, and is used to hold the cotton as it is taken from the boll. When the bag is full it is emptied into the basket, and the operation is repeated all day long."

"How much cotton can a single hand pick in a day?"

"The average picker can make from 250 to 300 pounds of seed cotton a day, but there are some colored people who have become so expert that they can go away beyond this amount. As they are only paid for what they pick there is some incentive to work as quickly as possible.

"But it's not in the nature of a colored man to exert himself, even with a prospect of making higher wages, and the majority of them are fond of 'sojering.' It is no use trying to drive them, so the overseers let them do about as they please. So long as we get the crop gathered in time it doesn't make much difference."—*New York World.*

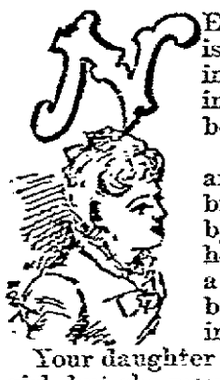
A Remarkable Cyclone Relic.

E. S. Wilson, a blacksmith of Ozark, Mo., has a relic of the Marshfield cyclone, which occurred on Sunday, April 18, 1880, that is a very remarkable curiosity. The witness of one of the freaks of the great storm is a black quart bottle, bent by some mysterious force into an ellipse without a crack or break in the glass that the closest scrutiny can discover. The neck of the bottle actually touches the edge of the bottom, and the fact that the glass was not broken in any way by the strange force of the storm is shown by the test of its holding water or any other fluid. By gradually turning the bottle as the water is poured in, it can be nearly filled to its full capacity, so as to show the perfect soundness of the material. This bottle was found by Mr. Wilson the day after the Marshfield disaster and examined by Prof. Tice, who soon came to the scene of destruction to study the phenomena of the cyclone from a scientific standpoint. The famous meteorologist attributed the bending of the bottle to the force of electricity. The bottle was found in the wreck of one of the Marshfield drug-stores. Mr. Wilson has been offered extravagant prices for the curiosity, but declines to part with the relic.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Dairy schools, at a cost not exceeding $55,000 a year, have increased Denmark's butter export in twenty years from $2,100,000 of poor quality to $12,000,000 of excellent quality annually.

THE WAY TO BE MISERABLE.

BY JENNIE P. MERCHANT.



NEVER mind if the sun is shining, birds singing and flowers blooming; it will not always be so.

Suppose, dear madame, your husband did bid you a cheerful "bye-bye" as he was leaving home in the morning; a frown may adorn his brow when he returns in the evening.

Your daughter Susie is a very sweet girl, but she may take it into her head to fall in love with an ice-peddler or a "baker's man" and thus defeat your ambitious aims for her.

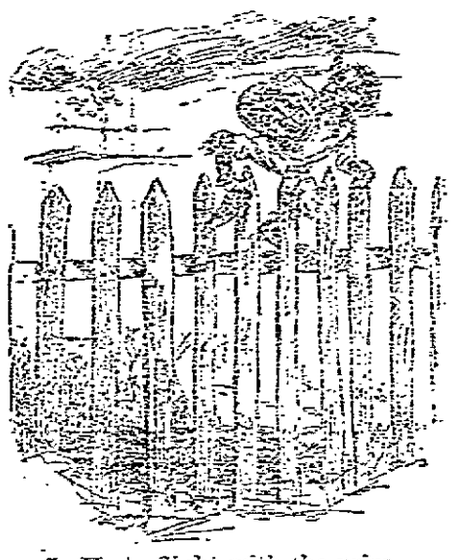
Your bright boy, Johnnie, is all right now; but there is no knowing the mischief he may get into, and cause your name to be known in a police court.

You have in contemplation a journey. Now, it is quite possible that it may be your last, and terminate in a country or locality for which you had not purchased a ticket.

Or, if the trip happens not to be the last, upon your return home you may find things generally in such a state of chaos that you will heartily wish it had been.

Don't let a soul have the benefit of the fancies that fill your mind, and by excluding yourself from all society, enjoy the reputation of being "so very peculiar."

Making the Best of It.



I. Hasty flight with the prize.

II. Stuck fast, but bound to get away with that watermelon.

Cat-Tail Down for Burns.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Record* vouches for the wonderful efficacy of the common cat-tail as a remedy for burns. He says: Take the down, and with just enough lard to hold it together make a plaster and lay upon any burn, and it soothes and heals so soon that it seems a miracle. Put upon a fresh burn, and in less than half an hour the smart is gone; if it is an old burn, the healing will commence in twenty-four hours. "Cat-tail" is also the Indian remedy for scrofulous sores or ulcers. Age does not destroy its healing virtues. It can be laid away and kept for years without losing any of its remedial properties.

Curious Music.

"Himmel! Dot vas gurious music!"

"No wonder, ain't it!"—*Life.*

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®
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Says the Kansas City *Times:* "Minister Child sends us from Siam a copy of the Bangkok *Times*, in which a graceful compliment is paid to Postmaster-General Somdetch Phra Cow Nong Ya Thoe Chow Fa Bhanurangsi Swangwongse Krome Phra Bhanubhandhawongse Varadej. We renew assurances of esteem to Som and hope he may live as long as his name."

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From the Louisville *Courier-Journal* it is learned that Colonel Jesse E. Peyton, of Haddonfield, N. J., is the veteran promoter and founder of all the patriotic efforts to commemorate the noted events of the first century of Constitutional Government in the United States. Colonel Peyton conceived the great Centennial celebration at Philadelphia in 1876, the the Bunker Hill Centennial of 1875, the Yorktown Centennial at Yorktown, Va., in 1881, and the recent Washington Inauguration Centennial in New York. He also fathered the idea of erecting in Philadelphia a memorial of the first century of American independence, and is now laboring hard to see that effort crowned with the success all his other patriotic moves have attained.

Chicago can now take the place of Washington as the city of "magnificent distances." By the election held recently a large number of the suburbs of Chicago voted to be taken into the limits of that city. The result gives Chicago 1,100,000 population and an area of 174 1-4 square miles. The suburban towns to be incorporated with Chicago are Hyde Park, Lake View, Cicero and Jefferson. These towns have a population of nearly 200,000. The envious St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* comments on the matter in this manner: "By annexing a large section of northern Illinois Chicago has increased her area to 170 square miles. The territory now included within her corporation limits is twenty-four miles long on the lake shore and from four to eight and one-half miles wide, and the Agricultural Department will hereafter have to credit Chicago with more farm products and a larger farmer population than any other city in the Union."

While two nations, France and America, were striving with each other in bidding for the "Angelus" of Millet, recently sold at auction in Paris, and offered almost fabulous prices for the painting, the artist's widow was living in extreme poverty at Barbizon. The Paris Louvre pays $110,000 for the canvas, more than poor Millet received for all his works, perhaps, and his widow starves while a nation trembles with patriotic exultation over one painting. Of the "Angelus" the Boston *Transcript* relates the following story: "A wealthy Bostonian, hearing that such men as Mr. Brimmer and Mr. Shaw were likely to buy many of Millet's pictures, betook himself to the studio at Brabizon, France, and gave the painter an order. 'The Little Potato Diggers' was the result, but when the patron came to see the picture he was disappointed. He had expected something wholly different. The composition was novel and did not altogether please him—a flat horizon with two figures standing upright in the centre of a rather large canvas. Millet saw the look of disappointment and quietly turned the canvas to the wall, adding. 'we'll say no more about it.' The American went his way. Within a few years this picture, afterward called 'The Angelus,' changed hands for the second or third time at a price of $52,000." Now $125,000 have been offered for it.

A SONG OF THE ROAD.

Come, comrades, since the way is long
Let's 'liven it by tune and song,
And greeting give to all we pass;
To white-of-head, to light-of-head,
To matron grave and laughing lass.

Hurrah for lane and by-way,
For distant path and nigh way,
For friends we greet, for foes we meet,
Along the world's broad highway!

Tis morning-break; lithe limbs are strong;
Who dreams of crime and guilt and wrong?
Yon youngling and his violet eyes?
Nay, light-of-mind and love-so-blind
Are wisdom-proof and folly wise.

Hurrah for lane and by-way,
For distant path and nigh way,
For friends we greet, for foes we meet,
Along the world's broad highway!

Tis noontide; let us spend an hour
Dream drinking ere we lose the power,
And all our pleasure disappears,
Since slight-of heart and blight-of-heart
Have sworn the goblet smacks of tears.

Hurrah for lane and by-way,
For distant path and nigh way,
For friends we greet, for foes we meet,
Along the world's broad highway!

'Tis night and low; foul thieves have mobbed
The weak ones here and left them robbed
Of hope, and faith, and love, and rest;
But sure-of-soul and pure-of-soul
Still fold their treasures to their breast.

Hurrah for lane and by-way,
For distant path and nigh way,
For every one whose journey's done,
Who's gained the distant sky-way!
—*Julie M. Lippmann, in the Century.*

THE PATRIOT FUGITIVE.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

Comely Mistress Sally Suydam sat on a low bench beneath the apple-tree in her back yard, shelling peas. Delicate petals from the fragrant blossoms overhead dropped upon her; the bluebird perched upon the hollow stump hard by sang to her a song of spring and sunshine; the fresh morning breeze that made ripples all across the golden surface of Flushing Bay to mark its progress, came to lift carelessly the soft, brown curls on her temples. Before her, on an upturned pail, rested a gaunt old man, with white hair, and long, bony fingers that were interlocked over his knobby knee.

"Indeed," spoke Mistress Suydam, continuing her conversation, "it is hard that Abner should be so long away from his home and in peril of his life, but he would be no true American did he lag at his wife's apron string when his country has need of him. And, of a truth, instead of repining I should rejoice daily that he is still alive and at liberty. I think I would rather hear that he had fallen on the field than that he was a prisoner in the cruel hands of the British——"

"In that Jersey prison ship. Verily, it is wondrous that men endure to live in that hell upon earth if the half that is told of it be true."

"The half of its horrors hath not been told!" exclaimed a suppressed but distinct voice, from the clump of lilac bushes behind Mistress Suydam. The good dame gave a little jump and an exclamation of alarm, while the gaunt man sprang to his feet. Peering in the direction of the voice, they saw under the bushes. close to the ground, the haggard, yellow face of a man with great wild eyes and tangled hair and beard.

"Who are you, and what want you here?" demanded Mistress Suydam, stoutly.

"Robert Jameson; a fugitive from the Jersey prison-ship am I, and sore in need of all that man may need to live."

"Come forth, man; come forth. You shall need no longer here," responded the old man earnestly, going toward him.

"Back--back! Keep your distance, man! There is death in my garments—the poison of the prison-fever. Stand aloof; but I pray you lay some food where I may get it without coming anigh you."

While he spoke Mistres Suydam reflected, and when he had ceased, quickly took the ordering of affairs in her hands. Giving to the old man—who was none other than the patriot-parson Egbert Ellis—a suit of her soldier-husband's clothing, she instructed him to see that the fugitive, after casting away his infected garments, bathed in the creek at the foot of the garden, and then put on the clean raiment, by which time she would have a good breakfast ready for him.

When Jameson's hunger had been appeased, he told his story:

"I was taken prisoner through the running down of the boat I was in on the Hudson, and was put aboard the prison-ship three months ago. The night before last I sprang overboard, being willing rather to die than live longer there; but coming ashore a little below the tide-mill, I managed to make my way into the country, and since then, hiding when I could, and running when I dared, I have fled thus far, eating nothing until now. How anxiously I listened to your speech, to learn if ye were friends or foes!"

"Is life on the prison-ship indeed so terrible as men say?" asked Mistress Suydam.

"Only the dead have learned all its horrors, but the living there know enough to madden them. Twelve hundred men are crowded in a space that would not suffice for the healthful keeping of one-fourth so many. They are scantily fed upon tainted meat and vermin-infested bread, so that violent and fatal disorders are rife among them. The dreaded fever hath broken out, and so rages that at times as many as two hundred die of it in a night. Through sheer malignity the British officers refuse water even to those parched with the fever, and find sport in seeing their burning thirst drive them mad. Often in the inky darkness of the lower gun-deck, where they are confined at night, the startling cry is heard: 'Look to yourselves! One here hath gone mad and he hath a knife.' And the madman, knowing not what he does, slashes right and left with his weapon, until in self-defense they must kill him—and all that in the dark. And that much amuses the British officers.

"Lord, let death seize upon them, and let them go down quick into hell," ejaculated the pastor, in fervent quotation of the psalmist.

"Amen!" responded Jameson between his clinched teeth, continuing his narrative. "It is a common sport with them to cast apples among the prisoners to set them fighting. The wretched men, whose minds are weakened by their sufferings, seem maddened, at sight of the tempting fruit, and will beat and tear each other, with claws and teeth. like starving, ravenous beasts, to get possession of it—whereat the British officers laugh heartily and enjoy themselves mightily."

"Lord, let burning coals fall upon them; let them be cast into the fire, into deep pits, that they rise not up again," broke forth the parson.

"Men are shot down like dogs by the sentries, who act under orders, excuse therefor being found in the slightest breach of discipline."

"Woe unto the wicked! It shall be ill with him, for the reward of his hands shall be given him."

"Again and again a cartel hath come for an exchange of prisoners, and those upon whom Death's hand is already laid have been sorted out to send away, while those with more life in them were put back with the cruel jibe: "You have not been here long enough; you are too well to exchange.'"

"Lord, how long shall the wicked triumph?"

Mistress Suydam's cheeks were very pale, and her eyes blazed with indignation. Each of the excited parson's scriptural quotations were expressive of her sentiments, but she did not open her lips until he uttered, as a prayer:

"Lord, root them out of the land of of the living; pity them not, nor spare, nor have mercy, but destroy them utterly."

Then she earnestly ejaculated: "Amen!"

All that day Robert Jameson lay in hiding among the bushes back of Mistress Suydam's house, resting, sleeping and rapidly regaining his strength, while she watched over his safety and fed him.

Parson Ellis went away. Before taking his departure, he told the fugitive:

"I am over here on a mission in which it may be God's will that I shall lay down my life, and, indeed, the chance for it is so great that I set small store by the boat that is moored in the bay near the mouth of this creek. If I come off alive, I shall easily find another boat. This one you had better take, and, as soon as the moon hath set to-night, sail for New London, where you will be safe. Go not before, lest you be overhauled on the sound and recaptured."

"I will never be taken alive," answered Robert, firmly.

"You are a brave man, and I do not doubt your intent, but we are all in the hand of God. If you reach New London safely, give the boat in charge of Ebenezer Holden, whom you will easily find. And now, farewell."

Robert feared to remain in the house, lest he might be surprised by a party of the British dragoons, who as he was informed, were continually scouring the island. Near nightfall Mistress Suydam came rushing down to him from the upper window where she had long been sitting, watching that she might note the approach of an enemy far off.

"The dragoons are coming!" she cried to him.

A dozen of them were coming down the road at an easy, swinging trot, with Captain Tileston at their head. Of course the fugitive imagined that they were in pursuit of him, but they were not. He was supposed to have been drowned and eaten by the sharks, numbers of which savage creatures were attracted to the vicinity of the prison-ship by the prey that was either tossed to them or that voluntarily leaped overboard. The dragoons had quite another object than his capture in their coming. But he thought only of flight.

He ran swiftly down the brook crouching below the line of rank grass that margined its banks, until he reached the bay, where he plunged on and disappeared. Day was ended by this time, but the early-rising moon gave so clear a light that he did not dare to attempt reaching the parson's boat, though it was only four or five rods from where he took to the water. A couple of the dragoons rode leisurely down to the bay, and there sat upon their horses, chatting. They were discussing the catching of spies who were supposed to land there from the Connecticut or New York shore. Presently Captain Tileson, with four more men, joined them. They had stopped to search for rebels in Mistress Suydam's house. The Captain had a plan.

"It is useless," he said, "for us to attempt the capture, upon the water, of those Yankee spies, who have eyes like hawks by day and owls by night, and could see us long before we could see them. We must let them land. As I have sharper sight than any of you at night, I will conceal myself in the boat and watch for them. You will hide in yonder clump of woods. When they land I will signal to you, by imitating the plover's cry, which way to dash to fall upon them—once for this way, twice for that—and at the same moment will seize their boat to cut off their retreat."

So it was arranged. One of the dragoons waded out to the parson's little sail-boat and drew her in so that the Captain could step aboard dry-shod, after which he moored her out again. Then the dragoons went away into the woods, and the Captain lay down in the boat to watch and wait for events. Events were rapidly approaching him that he had no conception of.

A big, floating bunch of sedge grass drifted out from near the shore toward the boat, slowly approaching it closer and closer. At length it seemed to lodge against the boat. The Captain did not notice it. He was looking in the opposite direction. Noiselessly a head rose out of the water behind him—the head of Robert Jameson—close by the bunch of floating grass. The next moment a long arm reached over the low side of the boat, and a powerful hand gripped the Captain's throat—gripped it with such ferocious energy that it cut off his breath, made the world turn black before him, and seemed to paralyze him. Before he could make a movement of self defense, or a sound, a man rolled into the boat upon him, and seizing one of his big holster pistols that he had laid beside him, dealt such a blow upon his temple that he was stunned and lay as still as if dead.

When the Captain recovered his senses he found himself bound hand and foot with the anchor rope. His captor had stepped the mast. The litle sail was bellying full with a favoring southeast breeze, and the shore was far behind. The next morning he was turned over to the military authorities at New London as a prisoner; and undesirable as that fortune of war may be deemed, he at least had the consolation of knowing that in the hands of Americans he would suffer from no such fiendish inhumanity as was practiced under the English flag aboard the Jersey prison-ship

Robert Jameson was regarded as quite a hero in New London, where he promptly re-entered the service, and fought bravely until the end of the war.—*Frank Leslie's.*

How Cotton is Picked in the South.

A prominent Georgia cotton planter, was seen the other evening airing himself in the corridor of one of the uptown hotels.

"When does cotton picking begin?"

"Not till the latter part of July, but it is just the time that the crop is maturing that we need the best weather. After the cotton begins to ripen the picking goes forward without intermission till the Christmas holidays, and sometimes later."

"How is the picking done?"

"Each hand is supplied with a big basket and a bag. The basket is left at the end of the cotton row, and the bag is suspended from the neck of the picker by a strap, and is used to hold the cotton as it is taken from the boll. When the bag is full it is emptied into the basket, and the operation is repeated all day long."

"How much cotton can a single hand pick in a day?"

"The average picker can make from 250 to 300 pounds of seed cotton a day, but there are some colored people who have become so expert that they can go away beyond this amount. As they are only paid for what they pick there is some incentive to work as quickly as possible.

"But it's not in the nature of a colored man to exert himself, even with a prospect of making higher wages, and the majority of them are fond of 'sojering.' It is no use trying to drive them, so the overseers let them do about as they please. So long as we get the crop gathered in time it doesn't make much difference."—*New York World.*

A Remarkable Cyclone Relic.

E. S. Wilson, a blacksmith of Ozark, Mo., has a relic of the Marshfield cyclone, which occurred on Sunday, April 18, 1880, that is a very remarkable curiosity. The witness of one of the freaks of the great storm is a black quart bottle, bent by some mysterious force into an ellipse without a crack or break in the glass that the closest scrutiny can discover. The neck of the bottle actually touches the edge of the bottom, and the fact that the glass was not broken in any way by the strange force of the storm is shown by the test of its holding water or any other fluid. By gradually turning the bottle as the water is poured in, it can be nearly filled to its full capacity, so as to show the perfect soundness of the material. This bottle was found by Mr. Wilson the day after the Marshfield disaster and examined by Prof. Tice, who soon came to the scene of destruction to study the phenomena of the cyclone from a scientific standpoint. The famous meteorologist attributed the bending of the bottle to the force of electricity. The bottle was found in the wreck of one of the Marshfield drug-stores. Mr. Wilson has been offered extravagant prices for the curiosity, but declines to part with the relic.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Dairy schools, at a cost not exceeding $55,000 a year, have increased Denmark's butter export in twenty years from $2,100,000 of poor quality to $13,000,000 of excellent quality annually.

THE WAY TO BE MISERABLE.

BY JENNIE P. MERCHANT.

NEVER mind if the sun is shining, birds singing and flowers blooming; it will not always be so.

Suppose, dear madame, your husband did bid you a cheerful "bye-bye" as he was leaving home in the morning; a frown may adorn his brow when he returns in the evening.

Your daughter Susie is a very sweet girl, but she may take it into her head to fall in love with an ice-peddler or a "baker's man" and thus defeat your ambitious aims for her.

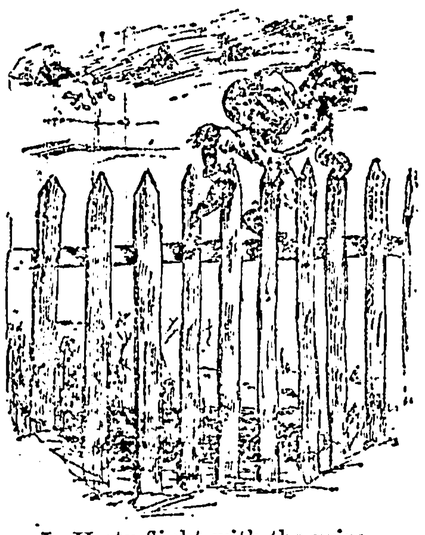
Your bright boy, Johnnie, is all right now; but there is no knowing the mischief he may get into, and cause your name to be known in a police court.

You have in contemplation a journey. Now, it is quite possible that it may be your last, and terminate in a country or locality for which you had not purchased a ticket.

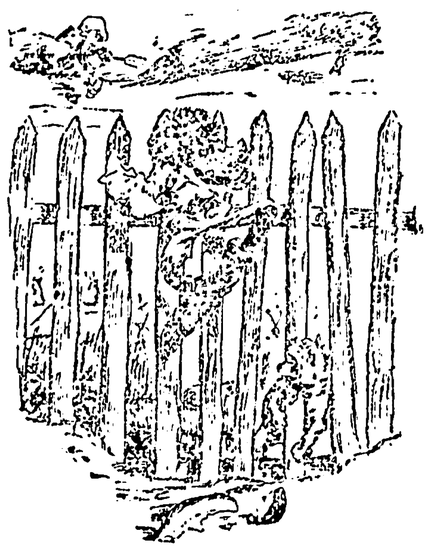
Or, if the trip happens not to be the last, upon your return home you may find things generally in such a state of chaos that you will heartily wish it had been.

Don't let a soul have the benefit of the fancies that fill your mind, and by excluding yourself from all society, enjoy the reputation of being "so very peculiar."

Making the Best of It.



I. Hasty flight with the prize.



II. Stuck fast, but bound to get away with that watermelon.

Cat-Tail Down for Burns.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Record* vouches for the wonderful efficacy of the common cat-tail as a remedy for burns. He says: Take the down, and with just enough lard to hold it together make a plaster and lay upon any burn, and it soothes and heals so soon that it seems a miracle. Put upon a fresh burn, and in less than half an hour the smart is gone; if it is an old burn, the healing will commence in twenty-four hours. "Cat-tail" is also the Indian remedy for scrofulous sores or ulcers. Age does not destroy its healing virtues. It can be laid away and kept for years without losing any of its remedial properties.

Curious Music.

"Himmel! Dot vas gurious music!"

"No wonder, ain't ut!"—*Life.*

A BURIED CITY IN TEXAS.

THE GREAT SOUTHWEST A LAND OF MARVELS.

A Dazzling White Lake Suddenly Formed in New Mexico—The Chalcedony Park of Arizona.

Arizona, New Mexico, and Northwestern Texas have many surprises in store for sight-seeing travelers. Ruins of lost cities, cave dwellings, cliff houses, and other abodes of extinct man are now being uncovered to the light of day, showing that a great and industrious people once inhabited the land, who understood something of the arts and sciences, and who cultivated the fields, and plowed the ground at some distant epoch of time much the same as we do to-day.

A few months ago at Cochise, on the American side of the Rio Grande, says a Fort Davis (Texas) letter to the New York *Times*, Amanda Chavez discovered the ruins of an extensive city, the existence of which had never been suspected before. The place where this hidden city lies has hitherto had the general appearance of a huge swell or rise in the prairie, a perfect desert in outward appearance, for it contained no herb, no root, no plant, no verdure of any kind, nothing save a waste of sand alkali and dirt, across which living creatures hesitated to travel unless forced to do so. Beneath this pile of desolation lay the ruins of an ancient city, probably Toltec in origin.

It is not hard to imagine how the old city became buried. Mr. Chavez tells us how he chanced to stumble across it soon after a waterspout and a gale of wind uncovered the ruins to view. Here in the far Southwest, where rains are few and strong winds frequent, the surface of the country, which by ages of drought and disintegrating processes has become crumbled and loose, is picked up and carried about from place to place by almost any wind that blows. Very often these whirligig storms develop into miniature cyclones, and sometimes they grow so large and on such a grand scale that their power and destructiveness are almost beyond belief. Sweeping across the country with not so much velocity as a genuine cyclone, they pick up and carry along rocks, dirt, stone, trees, sand, and what not, smashing everything they encounter and spreading ruin in their path. They have a habit when reaching a soft, yielding surface of boring down and sucking up or scooping out the sand, leaving the hollow spot barren and clean as far down as bed rock, and this hollow or hole looks for all the world as if some gigantic auger had been employed in doing the work. Hence they are called "sand augers." So dense is the mass of sand gathered up by this curious phenomenon of nature that the column, whirling about with frightful rapidity, actually reaches the clouds, and joins with the latter in forming a funnel from the earth to the sky.

The first indication of a sand auger would be the formation here and there of little whirligigs of dusty wind, picking up little bits of straw, leaves and other rubbish, and waltzing about helter-skelter with them from place to place. In this valley, from where I am writing, one can see almost any day a dozen or more of the little funnels, looking like tall, slender pipes of smoke, dancing over the prairie in every direction. One or two of them sometimes meet and join forces, but when a dozen or twenty come together and happen at the same time to strike a heavy, low-hanging cloud full of wind and vapor, then the chances are that a genuine sand augur of the first magnitude will be generated. Although formed or created by a succession of small whirlwinds, sand augurs break up very quickly, collapsing so suddenly that the heavens for a time are a mass of flying, falling sand. Anything below is simply swamped out of existence.

Such, no doubt, was the fate of the city recently unearthed by Mr. Chavez. A sand augur possibly made the first deposit, and then the continuous accumulations of windshades and the like piled up the sand and other detritus until the whole was converted into an extensive mound. The uncovering of the ruins was accomplished by a severe rainstorm, which proved to be a genuine cloud burst. This, sweeping down upon the sandy mound with terrific force, washed away one angle of the mound, disclosing some heavy stone walls which made the discovery possible. Mr. Chavez obtained a number of interesting relics. One skeleton had three strands of beads around its neck, of turquois, jet, and bone respectively, also earrings of jet and turquois. The mummy's hair was brown, and some pieces of bright, ornamented pottery were near it. Arrow heads, broken pottery, etc., were scattered about. The skeleton was in a chamber of solid masonry, the stones firmly cemented, and it may have been his tomb, within which he was sealed at the time of his death.

One large building, with massive stone walls and a tower at each corner, was exposed by the cloud burst. This has the appearance of a citadel, the masonry being strong and secure, and in the centre is probably a water reservoir with aqueducts of stone stretching away in many directions, giving the idea that the building was erected for the purpose of standing a siege. Some Pueblo Indians, questioned regarding the old city, say that its name was Guato, and that it flourished long before Cortez came to Mexico. Of course this is mere tradition and cannot be relied upon, yet if it is of Toltec origin, the probabilities are that it was built ages ago, and possibly antedates the building of the first Egyptian pyramid.

In the Salt River Valley, which is now a dessert, the ruins of no less than nineteen buried cities have been found. Excavations show that once a mighty and populous people inhabited the valley, and that they cultivated vast fields of maize, understood agriculture thoroughly, and even carried on irrigation to an extent that surpasses the best efforts of modern nations. Irrigating canals, built substantially, cut the country in every direction. The growth of maize indulged in by these extinct nations is something astonishing. Notwithstanding their irrigating schemes, they must have reasoned like Joseph of old in Egypt and laid by two or three years' supply in case a famine should strike the land. Even now the Zuni Indians keep stored away a three years' supply of grain, in order to counteract any emergency of drought or war.

Another remarkable curiosity to be seen in this vicinity is a dazzling white lake situated in the gypsum sands of Northwestern Texas. To be accurate the lake is situated in Donna Ana County, New Mexico, and was formed early last spring, from the copious rainfalls that visited this section. The place is a valley of pure white sand, about twenty-five miles long by six or seven broad, situated in the hollow of some low lying hills or undulations, into which drains all the rainfall of the neighborhood. There are no springs, lakes, rivers or streams of any kind near by. The lake covers about 350 acres, is several feet deep, and although formed in the sand, yet the action of the water has converted the gypsum bottom into a snow-white mass, cemented so substantially and compactly that there is no way of the water escaping except by the slow process of evaporation. Seen at midday when the sun is at its brightest, the human eye cannot sustain for even a few seconds the brilliant and blinding glare from this wonderful formation of nature. Even in dead of summer, when there is no moisture whatever in the place, it is a terrible thing for human creatures to attempt a passage through this gypsum valley. The heat is intolerable and the refraction so terriffic that it is painful and even dangerous to experience it. Possibly in connection with the heavy rains of last season a cloud burst or water spout may have played an important part in the formation of this lake.

Ages ago there lived in portions of Arizona and New Mexico a curious race of people who evidently could not trust their fellow-men. Their houses were suspended in the air, so to speak, built against cliffs and precipices, or were carved out of solid masonry in the side of precipitous hills, and so high that it was impossible to reach them except by means of ladders. The people who lived in these strange abodes kept flocks and herds, tilled the ground, and pursued agriculture generally, yet so careful were they of their own precious hides that the general custom at night was to climb up into their dwellings and pull the ladders up after them. There are about six thousand square miles of country covered by these curious dwellings, and though a little off from railroads and out of the way of travel, yet a visit of inspection to any one of them would richly pay the archæologist who has the nerve and endurance to undertake the task. The average cliff house is of firm, neat masonry, attached or cemented to the cliffs in a most marvelous fashion, and evidently cost a great outlay of energy and ingenuity in its construction. In some cases the rock and mortar of which they are built have been brought hundreds of feet up the most precipitous places, and this without the aid, apparently, of mechanical contrivances of any kind. Some of the houses were constructed of adobe bricks, for which an everlasting cement was used. In the Apache country of Arizona, near the entrance of a wild, rugged mountain gorge, are a series of remarkable cliff dwellings.

In reality they are not cliff but cave dwellings; yet, as in the former case, the only mode of access is by means of ladders, for they underlie a tremendous precipice. The doorways are square holes from four to six feet in diameter, and crawling into one of these murky, damp places one must be careful of reptiles and vermin, which seem to have taken absolute possession since the rightful owners have departed. The ceilings are seven or eight feet high, walls a square of about the same diameter, and the whole interior in some cases is decorated with stars, comets, and other astronomical figures. Who the cliff dwellers were no one now can tell. They probably preceded the Aztecs, who emigrated from the region, and, perhaps, they were contemporary with the Toltecs, who are said to have been extinct before the Aztecs were a people.

At the base of these cliffs is another remarkable curiosity known as Montezuma's Well. It was built by the inhabitants of that period, supplying them with the necessary moisture to sustain life. The wonder of all curiosities, however, in the Southwest is the petrified forest in Apache County, Arizona. What makes it more remarkable than it otherwise would be is the fact that the forest never grew on the spot where it now lies, but was transported bodily from some region by a force of nature that we can little imagine. There are no stumps or trunks of trees left in the ground—no roots, small limbs, or anything to show that vegetable matter could live and thrive in the volcanic ashes of the section, and yet mammoth tree trunks turned into hard adamantine stone lie here in the greatest profusion, millions of tons in sight, and no definite answer is there to the puzzle. In some cases the trees are of gigantic size, having a diameter of eighteen or twenty feet at the base and a height of more than 150 feet.

The scene reminds one of Sindbad's dream or Aladdin's cave. As far as the eye can reach pieces of chrysoprase, carnelian, sard and chalcedony are scattered; bits of amethyst, jasper, calcite, and agate glitter in the sunlight, blazing with indescribable brilliancy, and so thick on the ground that one can hardly step without placing his foot on a gem of "purest ray serene." This mineralized wood is scattered over more than two thousand acres of surface. Situated in a desert of lava and ashes, although, as remarked, millions of tons of the material are in sight, yet all this mass must be a mere bagatelle to what is really concealed beneath the volcanic rain which at one time swallowed the whole country in its deadly embrace. It is scarcely possible to solve the mystery that surrounds the wonderful Chalcedony Park of Arizona. There is something in the soil that silicifies wood, for on the northern border of Arizona, near the Colorado line, is a cabin, built some years ago by a mountain desperado, which has since been converted into stone, probably by the same petrifying action operated upon this as upon the Arizona forest.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

Londoners are much over-doctored.

Cow's hair is now used in making carpets.

The fastest pilot boat afloat is the Hesper, of Boston.

A Falkirk (Scotland) cat is bringing up a brood of chickens.

Large rubies of the correct luster are much rarer than diamonds.

A witness in a case in New York has been on the stand for two years.

A Georgia hen has hatched out eighteen chickens out of thirteen eggs.

Random, Penn., is proud of a mongrel dog which taught itself to climb a ladder.

An auction sale in a Pennsylvania town was broken up the other day by a swarm of bees.

Henry Waterson, of Jefferson, Ohio, has a piece of his scalp which Indians cut from his head.

They have a cow up in Toronto, Canada, that gave birth the other day to two lambs and a calf.

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Few thinking farmers are so behind time as not to know the value of bright oat-straw for fodder. Nevertheless these men, good calculators generally, go on threshing the oat crop and seperating grain from straw and then feed both to the same animals, as if they thus improved the feed! Is not the work on the farm hard enough without this useless labor? The custom is a relic of the past, and surely the day is not distant when farmers will as soon think of hulling oats for feeding on the farm as of threshing them. Oats for sale will doubtless still be threshed, although I incline to the belief that many sheaf-oats will be pressed like hay, having their heads all toward the middle of the bale. This will apply particularly to local trade.

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RAISING TURKEYS.

The turkey under domestication is a difficult bird to raise, and requires great care and constant attention for the first month of its life. If the mother is allowed to wander out with her brood into the wet grass in the morning or after showers, the chicks are very likely to take cold and die. The young birds should be confined in a pen or coop until they are strong enough to bear the fatigue of wandering about the field. For the first day after the chicks are hatched they should not be fed or disturbed. If the eggs hatch irregularly, then the first chicks to come out should be removed and fed when twenty-four hours old, and returned to the nest when all the eggs are hatched. The first food should be stale bread, moistened with milk or water. When a few days old corn meal, cooked rice and similar food may be given, but only in such quantities as the chicks will eat up clean each time they are fed, which should be at least four times a day. Lice on turkeys and chickens are readily destroyed by scattering flowers of sulphur in the nests where the mother broods them. In setting a hen turkey a tablespoon of sulphur should always be thrown in the nest at the time of giving the bird the eggs, and this will prevent lice breeding on the old bird or infesting the chicks. In regard to employing common barnyard fowls as mothers for turkeys authorities differ. Some claim that the hen turkey is never so good a mother as the hens of our ordinary barnyard fowls, on account of her natural roaming habits, while others are quite as pronounced in her favor. But as the eggs of our barnyard fowls hatch in from eighteen to twenty-one days, while those of the turkey in from twenty-six to thirty, there is danger of the common hen abondoning her nest at the end of her natural period of incubation of three weeks. The Brahmas, Cochins and similar large and heavy breeds of fowls are usually large enough to sit a month if necessary, and for this reason make very good mothers for turkeys.—*New York Sun.*

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Little pigs are said to thrive well on oats fed whole.

Only the purest and best salt should be used in the dairy.

A rubbing-post is one of the essentials of every cow pasture.

Farmers report that horses like ensilage and hogs do well on it.

If a shower drives you out of a hay field, start the cultivator.

It is poor economy to have a dull blade in the harvest or hay field.

If you plant celery choose a piece of low ground somewhat damp.

The question is disgussed whether it is necessary to weight the silo or not.

Condiments such as red pepper, ginger, etc., should be fed sparingly to fowls.

Honestly strive to make your home, field and garden the best in the world.

Cut the grass before it is too ripe. You will get more milk from the hay it makes.

An Illinois farmer of large experience recommends bailing hay direct from the winrow.

Pigs should have an opportunity to range the fields. A pig-pen in summer is an abomination.

A good housewife never opens a condensed milk can with her husband's razor, nor will a loving husband curry the horse with the nutmeg grater.

Ashes and plaster sprinkled on the leaves when the dew is on, is a common remedy for the flea beetle, which often attacks potato vines as well as cauliflower and cabbage plants.

Persons owning bees and not located near streams of water, are advised by *Massachusetts Ploughman* to furnish them fresh water daily, as it will save time, which to the bee means honey and to the person means money.

Though some recommend chemicals for keeping milk sweet, we know of nothing that is so good as thorough aeration as soon as drawn and then rapid cooling to 45 degrees or 50 degrees. Keep it as near this temperature as possible.

Silos are not lined with building paper simply to exclude frost. To have the silage perfect it is necessary that the silo be as nearly air-tight as possible. The lining is to aid in securing this, so is essential in the South as well as the Northern States.

Professor Fernald, of the Massachusetts Station, mentions that a method of some value in fighting the grape-leaf hopper, which develops its wings in that State the last of July or first of August, is to carry lighted torches through the vineyard at night, beating the vines lightly at the same time. The insects will be attracted to the light as they fly from the disturbed vines and perish in the flames.

A Banana Eating Horse.

An Italian in Boston, who had stationed himself close by the entrance to the circus grounds, that he might more easily dispose of the fruits which he had to sell, became so interested in the appearance of two Turks who had escaped from the grounds, and had been strolling about the Back Bay, that he forgot all about the wagon load of bananas which were beside him, until he turned suddenly and observed a horse attached to an express wagon calmly eating from the stock of bananas as if they had been placed there for his especial benefit. The spectacle of a horse eating bananas was so amusing to the bystanders that they didn't call the owner's attention to it, but when the Italian who owned the fruit, and the Hibernian who drove the horse, began to argue with each other, there was more excitement than was heard inside the circus tent.—*Boston Traveler.*

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A BURIED CITY IN TEXAS.

THE GREAT SOUTHWEST A LAND OF MARVELS.

A Dazzling White Lake Suddenly Formed in New Mexico — The Chalcedony Park of Arizona.

Arizona, New Mexico, and Northwestern Texas have many surprises in store for sight-seeing travelers. Ruins of lost cities, cave dwellings, cliff houses, and other abodes of extinct man are now being uncovered to the light of day, showing that a great and industrious people once inhabited the land, who understood something of the arts and sciences, and who cultivated the fields, and plowed the ground at some distant epoch of time much the same as we do to-day.

A few months ago at Cochite, on the American side of the Rio Grande, says a Fort Davis (Texas) letter to the New York *Times*, Amanda Chavez discovered the ruins of an extensive city, the existence of which had never been suspected before. The place where this hidden city lies has hitherto had the general appearance of a huge swell or rise in the prairie, a perfect desert in outward appearance, for it contained no herb, no root, no plant, no verdure of any kind, nothing save a waste of sand alkali and dirt, across which living creatures hesitated to travel unless forced to do so. Beneath this pile of desolation lay the ruins of an ancient city, probably Toltec in origin.

It is not hard to imagine how the old city became buried. Mr. Chavez tells us how he chanced to stumble across it soon after a waterspout and a gale of wind uncovered the ruins to view. Here in the far Southwest, where rains are few and strong winds frequent, the surface of the country, which by ages of drought and disintegrating processes has become crumbled and loose, is picked up and carried about from place to place by almost any wind that blows. Very often these whirligig storms develop into miniature cyclones, and sometimes they grow so large and on such a grand scale that their power and destructiveness are almost beyond belief. Sweeping across the country with not so much velocity as a genuine cyclone, they pick up and carry along rocks, dirt, stone, trees, sand, and what not, smashing everything they encounter and spreading ruin in their path. They have a habit when reaching a soft, yielding surface of boring down and sucking up or scooping out the sand, leaving the hollow spot barren and clean as far down as bed rock, and this hollow or hole looks for all the world as if some gigantic auger had been employed in doing the work. Hence they are called "sand augers." So dense is the mass of sand gathered up by this curious phenomenon of nature that the column, whirling about with frightful rapidity, actually reaches the clouds, and joins with the latter in forming a funnel from the earth to the sky.

The first indication of a sand auger would be the formation here and there of little whirligigs of dusty wind, picking up little bits of straw, leaves and other rubbish, and waltzing about helter-skelter with them from place to place. In this valley, from where I am writing, one can see almost any day a dozen or more of the little funnels, looking like tall, slender pipes of smoke, dancing over the prairie in every direction. One or two of them sometimes meet and join forces, but when a dozen or twenty come together and happen at the same time to strike a heavy, low-hanging cloud full of wind and vapor, then the chances are that a genuine sand augur of the first magnitude will be generated. Although formed or created by a succession of small whirlwinds, sand augurs break up very quickly, collapsing so suddenly that the heavens for a time are a mass of flying, falling sand. Anything below is simply swamped out of existence.

Such, no doubt, was the fate of the city recently unearthed by Mr. Chavez. A sand augur possibly made the first deposit, and then the continuous accumulations of windshades and the like piled up the sand and other detritus until the whole was converted into an extensive mound. The uncovering of the ruins was accomplished by a severe rainstorm, which proved to be a genuine cloud burst. This, sweeping down upon the sandy mound with terrific force, washed away one angle of the mound, disclosing some heavy stone walls which made the discovery possible. Mr. Chavez obtained a number of interesting relics. One skeleton had three strands of beads around its neck, of turquois, jet, and bone respectively, also earrings of jet and turquois. The mummy's hair was brown, and some pieces of bright, ornamented pottery were near it. Arrow heads, broken pottery, etc., were scattered about. The skeleton was in a chamber of solid masonry, the stones firmly cemented, and it may have been his tomb, within which he was sealed at the time of his death.

One large building, with massive stone walls and a tower at each corner, was exposed by the cloud burst. This has the appearance of a citadel, the masonry being strong and secure, and in the centre is probably a water reservoir with aqueducts of stone stretching away in many directions, giving the idea that the building was erected for the purpose of standing a siege. Some Pueblo Indians, questioned regarding the old city, say that its name was Guato, and that it flourished long before Cortez came to Mexico. Of course this is mere tradition and cannot be relied upon, yet if it is of Toltec origin, the probabilities are that it was built ages ago, and possibly antedates the building of the first Egyptian pyramid.

In the Salt River Valley, which is now a dessert, the ruins of no less than nineteen buried cities have been found. Excavations show that once a mighty and populous people inhabited the valley, and that they cultivated vast fields of maize, understood agriculture thoroughly, and even carried on irrigation to an extent that surpasses the best efforts of modern nations. Irrigating canals, built substantially, cut the country in every direction. The growth of maize indulged in by these extinct nations is something astonishing. Notwithstanding their irrigating schemes, they must have reasoned like Joseph of old in Egypt and laid by two or three years' supply in case a famine should strike the land. Even now the Zuni Indians keep stored away a three years' supply of grain, in order to counteract any emergency of drought or war.

Another remarkable curiosity to be seen in this vicinity is a dazzling white lake situated in the gypsum sands of Northwestern Texas. To be accurate the lake is situated in Donna Ana County, New Mexico, and was formed early last spring, from the copious rainfalls that visited this section. The place is a valley of pure white sand, about twenty-five miles long by six or seven broad, situated in the hollow of some low lying hills or undulations, into which drains all the rainfall of the neighborhood. There are no springs, lakes, rivers or streams of any kind near by. The lake covers about 350 acres, is several feet deep, and although formed in the sand, yet the action of the water has converted the gypsum bottom into a snow-white mass, cemented so substantially and compactly that there is no way of the water escaping except by the slow process of evaporation. Seen at midday when the sun is at its brightest, the human eye cannot sustain for even a few seconds the brilliant and blinding glare from this wonderful formation of nature. Even in dead of summer, when there is no moisture whatever in the place, it is a terrible thing for human creatures to attempt a passage through this gypsum valley. The heat is intolerable and the refraction so terrific that it is painful and even dangerous to experience it. Possibly in connection with the heavy rains of last season a cloud burst or water spout may have played an important part in the formation of this lake.

Ages ago there lived in portions of Arizona and New Mexico a curious race of people who evidently could not trust their fellow-men. Their houses were suspended in the air, so to speak, built against cliffs and precipices, or were carved out of solid masonry in the side of precipitous hills, and so high that it was impossible to reach them except by means of ladders. The people who lived in these strange abodes kept flocks and herds, tilled the ground, and pursued agriculture generally, yet so careful were they of their own precious hides that the general custom at night was to climb up into their dwellings and pull the ladders up after them. There are about six thousand square miles of country covered by these curious dwellings, and though a little off from railroads and out of the way of travel, yet a visit of inspection to any one of them would richly pay the archæologist who has the nerve and endurance to undertake the task. The average cliff house is of firm, neat masonry, attached or cemented to the cliffs in a most marvelous fashion, and evidently cost a great outlay of energy and ingenuity in its construction. In some cases the rock and mortar of which they are built have been brought hundreds of feet up the most precipitous places, and this without the aid, apparently, of mechanical contrivances of any kind. Some of the houses were constructed of adobe bricks, for which an everlasting cement was used. In the Apache country of Arizona, near the entrance of a wild, rugged mountain gorge, are a series of remarkable cliff dwellings.

In reality they are not cliff but cave dwellings; yet, as in the former case, the only mode of access is by means of ladders, for they underlie a tremendous precipice. The doorways are square holes from four to six feet in diameter, and crawling into one of these murky, damp places one must be careful of reptiles and vermin, which seem to have taken absolute possession since the rightful owners have departed. The ceilings are seven or eight feet high, walls a square of about the same diameter, and the whole interior in some cases is decorated with stars, comets, and other astronomical figures. Who the cliff dwellers were no one now can tell. They probably preceded the Aztecs, who emigrated from the region, and, perhaps, they were contemporary with the Toltecs, who are said to have been extinct before the Aztecs were a people.

At the base of these cliffs is another remarkable curiosity known as Montezuma's Well. It was built by the inhabitants of that period, supplying them with the necessary moisture to sustain life. The wonder of all curiosities, however, in the Southwest is the petrified forest in Apache County, Arizona. What makes it more remarkable than it otherwise would be is the fact that the forest never grew on the spot where it now lies, but was transported bodily from some region by a force of nature that we can little imagine. There are no stumps or trunks of trees left in the ground—no roots, small limbs, or anything to show that vegetable matter could live and thrive in the volcanic ashes of the section, and yet mammoth tree trunks turned into hard adamantine stone lie here in the greatest profusion, millions of tons in sight, and no definite answer is there to the puzzle. In some cases the trees are of gigantic size, having a diameter of eighteen or twenty feet at the base and a height of more than 150 feet.

The scene reminds one of Sindbad's dream or Aladdin's cave. As far as the eye can reach pieces of chrysoprase, carnelian, sard and chalcedony are scattered; bits of amethyst, jasper, calcite, and agate glitter in the sunlight, blazing with indescribable brilliancy, and so thick on the ground that one can hardly step without placing his foot on a gem of "purest ray serene." This mineralized wood is scattered over more than two thousand acres of surface. Situated in a desert of lava and ashes, although, as remarked, millions of tons of the material are in sight, yet all this mass must be a mere bagatelle to what is really concealed beneath the volcanic ruin which at one time swallowed the whole country in its deadly embrace. It is scarcely possible to solve the mystery that surrounds the wonderful Chalcedony Park of Arizona. There is something in the soil that silicifies wood, for on the northern border of Arizona, near the Colorado line, is a cabin, built some years ago by a mountain desperado, which has since been converted into stone, probably by the same petrifying action operated upon this as upon the Arizona forest.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

Londoners are much over-doctored.

Cow's hair is now used in making carpets.

The fastest pilot boat afloat is the Hesper, of Boston.

A Falkirk (Scotland) cat is bringing up a brood of chickens.

Large rubies of the correct luster are much rarer than diamonds.

A witness in a case in New York has been on the stand for two years.

A Georgia hen has hatched out eighteen chickens out of thirteen eggs.

Random, Penn., is proud of a mongrel dog which taught itself to climb a ladder.

An auction sale in a Pennsylvania town was broken up the other day by a swarm of bees.

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The turkey under domestication is a difficult bird to raise, and requires great care and constant attention for the first month of its life. If the mother is allowed to wander out with her brood into the wet grass in the morning or after showers, the chicks are very likely to take cold and die. The young birds should be confined in a pen or coop until they are strong enough to bear the fatigue of wandering about the field. For the first day after the chicks are hatched they should not be fed or disturbed. If the eggs hatch irregularly, then the first chicks to come out should be removed and fed when twenty-four hours old, and returned to the nest when all the eggs are hatched. The first food should be stale bread, moistened with milk or water. When a few days old corn meal, cooked rice and similar food may be given, but only in such quantities as the chicks will eat up clean each time they are fed, which should be at least four times a day. Lice on turkeys and chickens are readily destroyed by scattering flowers of sulphur in the nests where the mother broods them. In setting a hen turkey a tablespoon of sulphur should always be thrown in the nest at the time of giving the bird the eggs, and this will prevent lice breeding on the old bird or infesting the chicks. In regard to employing common barnyard fowls as mothers for turkeys authorities differ. Some claim that the hen turkey is never so good a mother as the hens of our ordinary barnyard fowls, on account of her natural roaming habits, while others are quite as pronounced in her favor. But as the eggs of our barnyard fowls hatch in from eighteen to twenty-one days, while those of the turkey in from twenty-six to thirty, there is danger of the common hen abondoning her nest at the end of her natural period of incubation of three weeks. The Brahmas, Cochins and similar large and heavy breeds of fowls are usually large enough to sit a month if necessary, and for this reason make very good mothers for turkeys.—*New York Sun.*

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Little pigs are said to thrive well on oats fed whole.

Only the purest and best salt should be used in the dairy.

A rubbing-post is one of the essentials of every cow pasture.

Farmers report that horses like ensilage and hogs do well on it.

If a shower drives you out of a hay field, start the cultivator.

It is poor economy to have a dull blade in the harvest or hay field.

If you plant celery choose a piece of low ground somewhat damp.

The question is disgussed whether it is necessary to weight the silo or not.

Condiments such as red pepper, ginger, etc., should be fed sparingly to fowls.

Honestly strive to make your home, field and garden the best in the world.

Cut the grass before it is too ripe. You will get more milk from the hay it makes.

An Illinois farmer of large experience recommends bailing hay direct from the winrow.

Pigs should have an opportunity to range the fields. A pig-pen in summer is an abomination.

A good housewife never opens a condensed milk can with her husband's razor, nor will a loving husband curry the horse with the nutmeg grater.

Ashes and plaster sprinkled on the leaves when the dew is on, is a common remedy for the flea beetle, which often attacks potato vines as well as cauliflower and cabbage plants.

Persons owning bees and not located near streams of water, are advised by *Massachusetts Ploughman* to furnish them fresh water daily, as it will save time, which to the bee means honey and to the person means money.

Though some recommend chemicals for keeping milk sweet, we know of nothing that is so good as thorough aeration as soon as drawn and then rapid cooling to 45 degrees or 50 degrees. Keep it as near this temperature as possible.

Silos are not lined with building paper simply to exclude frost. To have the silage perfect it is necessary that the silo be as nearly air-tight as possible. The lining is to aid in securing this, so is essential in the South as well as the Northern States.

Professor Fernald, of the Massachusetts Station, mentions that a method of some value in fighting the grape-leaf hopper, which develops its wings in that State the last of July or first of August, is to carry lighted torches through the vineyard at night, beating the vines lightly at the same time. The insects will be attracted to the light as they fly from the disturbed vines and perish in the flames.

A Banana Eating Horse.

An Italian in Boston, who had stationed himself close by the entrance to the circus grounds, that he might more easily dispose of the fruits which he had to sell, became so interested in the appearance of two Turks who had escaped from the grounds, and had been strolling about the Back Bay, that he forgot all about the wagon load of bananas which were beside him, until he turned suddenly and observed a horse attached to an express wagon calmly eating from the stock of bananas as if they had been placed there for his especial benefit. The spectacle of a horse eating bananas was so amusing to the bystanders that they didn't call the owner's attention to it, but when the Italian who owned the fruit, and the Hibernian who drove the horse, began to argue with each other, there was more excitement than was heard inside the circus tent.—*Boston Traveler.*

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MARRIED.

Aug. 6, by Rev. D. R. Becker, Chas. N. Garrick to Miss Della R. Hankey, both of Mountjoy twp.

Aug. 6, by Rev. J. B. Mullaly, Eugene Lawrence, of Irishtown, to Miss Ellen Neiderer, of Brushtown.

Aug. 8, by Rev B. M. Neill, John L. Sherfy, of Gettysburg, to Miss Nettie B. Browning, of Philadelphia.

DIED.

Deaths free—verses, tributes, &c., 5 cents a line

Aug. 12, in Cumberland twp., Paul L., twin son of Pius Althoff, aged 3 years 2 months and 25 days.

Aug. 7, in Gettysburg, Edgar, son of Geo. Gotwald, aged 1 year and 6 mo.

Aug. 2, in Latimore twp., Mrs. Jacob First, aged 31 years and 6 days.

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HINTS THAT ARE BETTER THAN GOLD, —If you have bad breath, sluggish bowels, pain in the small of your back, nervousness or giddiness, your vital organs are sadly out of condition. A mere "dose of physic" will not help you. Your only wise course is to take Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy of Rondout, N. Y., and cleanse your system of the impurities. It regulates the Liver and Kidneys.

MARRIED.

Aug. 6, by Rev. D. R. Becker, Chas. N. Garrick to Miss Della R. Hankey, both of Mountjoy twp.

Aug. 6, by Rev. J. B. Mullaly, Eugene Lawrence, of Irishtown, to Miss Ellen Neiderer, of Brushtown.

Aug. 8, by Rev B. M. Neill, John L. Sherfy, of Gettysburg, to Miss Nettie B. Browning, of Philadelphia.

DIED.

Deaths free—verses, tributes, &c., 5 cents a line

Aug. 12, in Cumberland twp., Paul L., twin son of Pius Althoff, aged 3 years 2 months and 25 days.

Aug. 7, in Gettysburg, Edgar, son of Geo. Gotwald, aged 1 year and 6 mo.

Aug. 2, in Latimore twp., Mrs. Jacob First, aged 31 years and 6 days.

BETHANY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS,
GETTYSBURG, PA.

The Second Annual Session of this School will begin Sept 16th. Boarding and Day Pupils provided for. Terms reasonable Address
REV. T. P EGE, A. M.,
or HON. WM. McCLEAN.

A Desirable Town Property
At Private Sale!

The subscriber offers at private sale his desirable property situate on Pitt street, in the borough of New Oxford, Adams county, Pa., near the toll gate, containing one acre and 12 perches, improved with a two-story Brick house, with back building, wash-house, good barn, hog pen, corn crib, and other necessary buildings, a never-failing well of good water, cistern, and all kinds of fruits. For further particulars call on or address
J. McC. GILBERT,
New Oxford, Pa.

SALESMEN
WANTED
to canvass for the sale of Nursery Stock Steady employment guaranteed. Salary and expenses paid to successful men. Apply at once, stating age. Mention this paper.
CHASE BROS. CO., Rochester, N. Y.

CASTORIA
for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 182 Fulton Street, N. Y.

LOOK AT THIS!
This week we will sell
100 Fine Men's Suits
in black, brown or gray, at $3.00 Each.
They are worth $6.
Come early and get your choice.
D. MYERS
Hanover, Pa.

WILLIAMS & ROGERS'
Rochester Business University.
A LEADING POPULAR, PRACTICAL COMMERCIAL SCHOOL.
COMMERCIAL, SHORTHAND, PRACTICAL ENGLISH AND MILITARY DEPARTMENTS.
Presents an opportunity for securing preparations for the real work of life, which thousands of Young men have found a stepping stone to HONORABLE and CONSPICUOUS SUCCESS. The Institution is in a most prosperous condition, and its patronage is composed of a superior class of young men and women from all parts of the continent. Send for catalogue and illustrated circular to WILLIAMS & ROGERS, Rochester, N. Y.

LOOK! LOOK!

PIANOS, ORGANS, &C. &. I wish to inform the public that I have a full and complete assortment of all the best makes of Pianos, Organs and Musical Instruments of all kinds. Also all the latest and most popular MUSIC, both vocal and instrumental, in sheet or book form.

SEWING MACHINES. I have also taken the agency for the celebrated Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine, (latest improved,) the lightest running and cheapest machine in the market. Look at them.

NOVELS. All the latest Novels by the most popular novelists, always on hand. My motto is close profits and quick sales. Am ready to wait on customers at all times. No trouble to show goods.

O. A. SMITH,
2 doors from Centre Square, Hanover street, New Oxford, Pa.

SHEELY & BRO.,
Dry Goods, Notions, &c.

We wish to call your attention to a fine line of
Sateens at 10 and 12½ cents.
Best Dress Ginghams at 8 cents.
Cottonades at 10, 15, 20 and 25 cents.
HATS in all the new Styles and Shades, from the cheapest to best qualities. SHOES? We are headquarters on them. Come and see us and our prices and quality will prove it. READY-MADE CLOTHING? We have a nice line at bottom prices. Agents for Felt Window Shades and Shading.

GITT'S OLD RELIABLE CORNER.
SPECIAL SALE OF DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, CARPETS, Etc.
20 Per Cent. Reduction.
In order to reduce our stock, we have come to the conclusion that it is far better to sell at cost than to carry Summer Goods over for the next season. If you are in need of any
White Swiss Flouncing,
White Hamburg Flouncing,
Black Lace Flouncing.
EMBROIDERIES, PARASOLS, CHALLIES, SATTEENS, RIBBONS, SILK MITTS, SILK GLOVES, &c., &c.
Do not to give us a call, for we have the most complete line to select from, and will save you 20 per cent. on your purchases.
G. W. & W. N. GITT,
HANOVER, PA.

MARBLE YARD.
E. G. LOUGH,
Opposite the German Reformed Church,
NEW OXFORD, - - PENN'A
All kinds of Grave Work furnished as cheap as the cheapest, in the latest styles, and of the best material. Monuments made a specialty Persons wishing anything in his line are invited to call and examine his samples before purchasing elsewhere. 23apr89-1y

We do job work of all kinds cheap and at the shortest notice.

Auctioneering.
George L. Colestock
Offers his service to the public as Auctioneer Charges moderate and satisfaction guarantee P. O address, New Chester, Adams county, Pa

G. A. KLINGLE,
—FASHIONABLE—
BARBER AND HAIR DRESSER.
Shampooning and dyeing done in the finest styles. Razors honed and put in order at lowest rates Saloon next door to the ITEM office Centre Square. NEW OXFORD, PA

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BY H. I. SMITH.

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ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the usual rates—large reductions to those who advertise by the year.

JOB PRINTING of every description—from the smallest table or card to the largest handbill or poster—done with dispatch, at the lowest rates.

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The court-house, Gettysburg, is to have new heating apparatus—most probably steam.

Some of our farmers report rot among their potatoes on account of so much wet weather.

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Owing to the length of time required to replace the bridges destroyed by the floods in Frederick county the county commissioners will be asked to build temporary bridges or to obtain pontoons from the government.

THEY HAVE ONE CAUSE.—Dyspepsia, indigestion, biliousness, torpid liver, that is failure to digest food taken as nourishment. Red Cloud Liver Berries aids digestion and cures these troubles. 25 doses, 25 cents, at all druggists.

A pension of $12 a month has been granted to Mrs. Howe, of Hanover, with back pay amounting to nearly $1,100. Her husband had been a pensioner on the government before his death and also drew a handsome sum as back pay.

We are indebted to the Board of Commissioners for an invitation to attend the dedication on September 11 and 12 of the monuments erected to mark the positions occupied by the Pennsylvania commands engaged in the battle of Gettysburg.

Thomas W. Samuels, a carpenter, of Arendtsville, while at work in Gettysburg met with a painful mishap on last Tuesday. He was sawing a piece of lumber, when the implement jumped, cutting him on the right thumb and servering the artery.

Harry Grossup, a young man aged 22 years, attempted to commit suicide at his home in Chambersburg, Thursday last. He was worried about a dissolute sister and after a family quarrel went out and hanged himself by his suspenders to a tree. He was cut down and resuscitated. Friday he threatened to complete the job and was placed in confinement.

Henry Little, a colored man, of Gettysburg, met with a painful accident last Thursday, while at work on the Brua Memorial chapel. A fellow workman dropped a trowel of morter, and little being underneath at the time, the stuff struck him in the face, completely plastering up one eye. The hot mortar burned him severely and it is feared that he may lose the sight of his eye.

Rev. Orville Ege of Mechanicsburg died on the 8th, in his 90th year. He founded the Methodist Society in that town in 1825, and was in the active ministry till 1860, when he with his two sons founded the Cumberland Valley Institute. His widow and four children survive. One of his sons is Rev. T. P. Ege of the Episcopal church, Gettysburg.

Mischievous Boys.

Last Saturday an accident occurred Christ Church S. S. celebration, near Sell's Station. Mr. Samuel Kline's horse was caused to break loose by a crowd of mischievous boys. After being loose he started on a run, and before he could be captured had shattered the buggy to fragments. Mr. Kline offers $5 reward for information as to who caused the horse to break loose and then hit the animal to make him run.

Democratic Convention.

The Democratic Nominating Convention of Adams county, met in the Court-house, at Gettysburg Monday. David G. Donahue, of Straban, and John L. Jenkins, of Mountpleasant, were nominated for Associate Judges; Edward Shaffer, of East Berlin for Assembly; Emanuel M. Zeigler, of Gettysburg, for Prothonotary; James B. Myers, of Highland, for Director of the Poor; Dr. A. P. Weaver, of Hamiltonban, for Coroner, and John G. Brinkerhoff, of Straban, for County Surveyor. The delegates from New Oxford were Messrs. E. G. Topper and Z. H. Cashman.

From Abbottstown.

The Lutheran Sunday School on Sunday decided to run an excursion to Round Top as soon as they can procure accommodations and make necessary arrangements.

Several petty thefts have been committed here lately. Last Saturday night, we are told, an unknown person entered the house of Mr. Charles Felix and came to the room where Mr. Felix was sleeping and after holding him in bed a short time, the unknown person ran down stairs and escaped through a front door. Nothing was missed.

Monday night, some one entered the cellar of Rev. D. N. Bucher and helped himself to a quantity of eatables.

Accidents.

On Thursday evening last at Mr. Simon J. Diller was driving his rapid trotter on York street, Gettysburg, he narrowly escaped running over Will Blocher. The latter lost control of his bicycle and fell almost immediately in front of Mr. Diller's rapidly approaching horse. But fortunately Mr. Blocher was sufficiently agile to worm himself off of the track, and escaped with no more serious damage than a broken bicycle.—Star.

Practical Education.

The Rochester Business University appears in this issue with a new advertisement, which we commend to the attention of those young men and young women who contemplate pursuing a commercial course, or who wish knowledge that will materially promote their interests. The new catalogue mentioned in the advertisement is an elegant book, setting forth the claims of an excellent scool in a very pleasing manner.

Destroy Them.

In some counties the constables are giving land owners notice to destroy Canada thistles without delay. The law imposes a penalty on all persons permitting these thistles to go to seed on their premises. It is the duty of the constable of each township to see that the law relating to their destruction is enforced, and in default of its observance to see that its penalties against delinquents are enforced.

FOR SALE.—A most desirable Residence. Situated on the Harrisburg road, 6 miles North of Gettysburg, 48 acres improved Lands, large new Buildings, with every other necessary improvements, all kind of Fruit &c. Terms reasonable. For further information call on or address.

MRS. JOSEPH A. DIEHL,
Plainview P. O.,
Adams county, Pa.

Large Yield.

A. J. Guise has raised for the Gettysburg Canning Company this season, 137 bushels of Early June peas, 48 bushels of Marrowfat peas and 55 bushels of beans. This was planted on 3½ acres, one of which was totally washed out by the heavy rains, leaving only 2½ acres to produce the above amount. For the Early June peas he received 75 cents per bushel, for the Marrowfats 65 and for the beans 40 cents.

Arrested.

Last Wednesday evening Hugh Downey of this place, was arrested by officer Rupp for throwing stones at a train of the B. & H. R. R., and committed to jail by Justice Hill in default of bail. Downey accompanied the excursion of the Fire Co., to Pen-Mar, and on the return of the train alighted at Gettysburg and the train started and left him. He boarded a colored excursion train from which he was ejected, and then he resorted to stone throwing.

The Picnic.

Tuesday next, August 20th, is the day for the picnic in Marshall's grove, at Berlin Junction, for the benefit of the Catholic church and schools in this place. The various committees report grand success, and everything points to this being THE picnic of the season. Don't miss this opportunity to enjoy yourself.

Killed by the Cars.

On Thursday evening Ezra Bair, of near Hanover, was killed on the Littlestown railroad about one mile from Hanover. It seems from the Herald that Bair was a well known character, addicted to drink, and being under its influence laid down on the track, where he was seen by two ladies residing in the neighborhood. Mrs. Raber informed her husband when she reached home, and he said he supposed it was young Bair, as he had been about there drunk during the day. As the evening train for Littlestown had just passed he added that he feared the man had been hurt by the cars, and walked down the railroad to investigate He found his fears realized, Bair's remains being scattered along the track, he having been torn to pieces by the passing train. His father and friends were notified, and the remains gathered together. An inquest was held by Justice David P. Forney, of Conowago township, the verdict of the jury exonerating the railroad employees from blame, The train men knew nothing of the accident until next morning. The unfortunate young man lived in the small house at O'Bold's saw mill, on the road from McSherrystown to the railroad; he leaves a wife and one child.

Death of Dr. Melhorn.

Dr. E. Melhorn, of New Chester, one of the best known and highly respected physicians of this county, died on Sunday afternoon at 1 o'clock, after a short illness- Dr. Melhorn has had a very wide practice, extending over a period of 32 years, and was much esteemed by his many patients. He was aged about 65 years. His remains were laid to rest in the Cemetery at Pine's church Wednesday morning.

Fine Monument.

There is erected in the New Oxford Cemetery, over the grave of LeRoy M. Sellers, a beautiful monument of Sweden granite, that was designed and made at Sheldon, Ills., by Richard F. and R. B. Myers, uncles of the dead boy, and sons of Gibson Myers, of this place. The monument represents the trunk of a tree, four feet high, with fern leaves and creepers over it, and is very natural. A hat suspended by a cord from a spike driven into the trunk is a neat and artistic piece of workmanship—as is, indeed, the whole monument.

Bogus Silver Certificate.

Bogus silver certificates of the denomination of $10 have appeared. The new counterfeits are such close imitations of the genuine that experts find it difficult to detect their true character. A week ago a notorious counterfeiter named Briggs was arrested by government detectives near Dayton, Ohio. His workshop was in a log house in the midst of a dense forest. It is supposed that the country has been flooded with the product of this manufactory of bogus certificates.

A Suggestion to Farmers.

Here is a timely suggestion from an exchange: "If our farmer readers who have horses in pasture fenced with barbed wire would plow a furrow or two around the pasture inside the fence, the danger would not be so great as without. The stock will be able to distinguish the line at night, and thus avoid being horribly injured and perhaps killed."

Annual Convention.

The annual convention of the W. C. T U. of Adams county, will be held in the Methodist church, at New Oxford, on Thursday, August 22d. Reduced rates can be procured at the ticket office, Gettysburg. All are cordially invited to attend.

MRS. JOEL SWARTZ, Pres.

Labor Day.

The first Monday of September in each year was made a holiday in Pennsylvania to be known as Labor Holiday, by an Act approved April 29, 1889. It provides that "It shall be lawful to require payment to all notes, checks and bills of exchange due and payable on such holiday to be made on the secular day next previous thereto, and in default of such payment that same may be protested and such protest shall be as valid as if made on the day on which such note, check or bill became due by its own terms."

Cut His Finger.

Calvin Spangler, of Biglerville, had the misfortune to have the leader of his second finger entirely severed recently, while sawing logs for Wm. Thomas, along Conowago creek. The saw pinched and Mr. Thomas was driving a wedge in the log with a double bitted axe, when the axe glanced off and struck young Spangler on the the back of the hand with the result noted.

Personal.

Misses Eva Sanders and Alverta Hornberger, of Littlestown, spent a few days in town, the guests of Miss Sarah Sheely, of High street. Miss Edith McFace, of York, is now the guest of Miss Sheely.

Miss Laura Shearer, of Baltimore, is stopping at the Hotel d'Ebrhart, on Pitt street.

Miss Dora Gilbert, of Centre Square, is spending some time with friends in Littlestown.

Miss Alverta Stallsmith, of Granite Hill, spent a few days with friends in town.

Mr. Chas. Wagner, of Philadelphia, is stopping with his friend, Edw. V. Sheely.

Miss Mamie Smith was spending a few days with friends in Mountpleasant twp.

Miss Martha Renaud, of Hanover, is visiting J. F. Warner's, Hanover street.

Miss Jennie McKinney, of Hanover, is visiting her sister, Mrs. H. J. Staub, this place.

Miss Slagle, of Littlestown, is the guest of E. G. Lough, High street.

Misses Maggie Kinneman and Emma Lillich, of Abbottstown, were visiting Mrs. Rebecca Smith and other friends at Woodsboro, Md.

Mrs. Julia Hoffheins and daughter Caroline, of Gettysburg, and Rev. Koser and family, of Williamsport, were visiting at Mr. Levi Wehler's, on High street.

Miss M. Meta Hepler, of Reading, is spending some time with her brother, Mr. Geo. H. Hepler, on High St.

Misses Ida and Annie Henninger, of Reading, are the guests of Mrs. Dr. J. L. Sheetz, Philadelphia street.

Mr. W. H. Weaver and family arrived here from Pittsburg, where they have been living since the Johnstown flood, yesterday. Mr. Weaver will make his future home in Emmitsburg, where he has already secured a situation.

Miss Katie Clark, of Columbia, is visiting Mrs. G. L. Fink, of Hanover street.

Teachers Appointed.

MOUNTPLEASANT.—White Hall, Wm. D. Myers; Valley, Annie Sachs; Mt. Rock, Maggie Wassem; Mt Fair View, Edmund V. Sheely; Swift Run, C W. Stock; Conowago, Alverta Herman; Brush Run, S. A. Nagle; Mt. Vernon, Annie Deardorff; Mt. Superior, Sadie Heck; Sweet Home, H. W. Harnish.

HAMILTON.—Mummert's, Charles L. Baker; Pine Run, Allen J. March; Seven Hundred, Allen Jacobs, Green Ridge, T. S. Patterson.

BERWICK TWP.—Pigeon Hill, No. 1, Florence Richter; Walnut Grove, No. 2, Dora V. Gilbert; Green Springs, No. 3, Alverta Thoman.

OXFORD TWP.—Red Hill, Minnie Lau.

Entertainment.

The Pine Run Singing Society will hold their annual Entertainment in Senft's grove, 1½ miles north of this place, along the Carlisle pike, on Saturday afternoon and evening, August 31st. The exercises will consist of vocal and instrumental music, and will be under the management of Prof. J. G. Decker.

"Black Eye."

One day last week, as Rev C. E. Wehler, of Blue Bell, Pa., was playing croquet with a party of friends on H. J. Myers' lawn, in this place, the mallet of one of the party flew from the handle as he was about to strike, and hit the Rev. near the right eye, inflicting several gashes, and gave him a "black eye."

Hurt His Toe.

While loading some heavy timbers on a car last Saturday, Mr. Wm. Wagner, of Hanover street, was so unfortunate as to have the great toe of his right foot badly hurt by an end of a heavy timber falling upon it.

Arm Scalded.

One day last week, Harriet, a little daughter of Esquire Cook, of Hanover street, had her arm badly scalded by some boiling water being spilled upon it.

Hanged While Playing.

Bertha I. Myers, 10 years old, of near Springvale, York county, and a smaller sister were playing on a swing in the garret of their house, Saturday evening, when by some accident Bertha became entangled in the rope of the swing and was strangled to death.

Shot His Mother.

Last Friday whilst Jerry Weigle, of near Heidlersburg was handling a flobert rifle, the weapon was discharged, the ball striking his mother, Mrs. Emanuel Weigle, who was at her work near by, and passing entirely through her thigh, shattering the bone and making a painful wound.

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The Star says: The avenue along the Cavalry line occupied by Devin's brigade, west of Oak Ridge, has been completed It is a beutiful drive with three splendid monuments already in position.

Invitations have been issued for the marriage of Mr. Chas. A. Gernand, of Westminster, to Miss Minnie, daughter of Mr. I. D. W. Stonesifer, of Manchester, formerly of this place, on August 20th.

Owing to the length of time required to replace the bridges destroyed by the floods in Frederick county the county commissioners will be asked to build temporary bridges or to obtain pontoons from the government.

THEY HAVE ONE CAUSE.—Dyspepsia, indigestion, biliousness, torpid liver, that is failure to digest food taken as nourishment. Red Cloud Liver Berries aids digestion and cures these troubles. 25 doses, 25 cents, at all druggists.

A pension of $12 a month has been granted to Mrs. Howe, of Hanover, with back pay amounting to nearly $1,100. Her husband had been a pensioner on the government before his death and also drew a handsome sum as back pay.

We are indebted to the Board of Commissioners for an invitation to attend the dedication on September 11 and 12 of the monuments erected to mark the positions occupied by the Pennsylvania commands engaged in the battle of Gettysburg.

Thomas W. Samuels, a carpenter, of Arendtsville, while at work in Gettysburg met with a painful mishap on last Tuesday He was sawing a piece of lumber, when the implement jumped, cutting him on the right thumb and servering the artery.

Harry Grossup, a young man aged 22 years, attempted to commit suicide at his home in Chambersburg, Thursday last. He was worried about a dissolute sister and after a family quarrel went out and hanged himself by his suspenders to a tree. He was cut down and resuscitated. Friday he threatened to complete the job and was placed in confinement.

Henry Little, a colored man, of Gettysburg, met with a painful accident last Thursday, while at work on the Brua Memorial chapel. A fellow workman dropped a trowel of morter, and little being underneath at the time, the stuff struck him in the face, completely plastering up one eye. The hot mortar burned him severely and it is feared that he may lose the sight of his eye.

Rev. Orville Ege of Mechanicsburg died on the 8th, in his 90th year. He founded the Methodist Society in that town in 1825, and was in the active ministry till 1860, when he with his two sons founded the Cumberland Valley Institute. His widow and four children survive. One of his sons is Rev. T. P. Ege of the Episcopal church, Gettysburg.

Mischievous Boys.

Last Saturday an accident occurred Christ Church S. S. celebration, near Sell's Station. Mr. Samuel Kline's horse was caused to break loose by a crowd of mischievous boys. After being loose he started on a run, and before he could be captured had shattered the buggy to fragments. Mr. Kline offers $5 reward for information as to who caused the horse to break loose and then hit the animal to make him run.

Democratic Convention.

The Democratic Nominating Convention of Adams county, met in the Court-house, at Gettysburg Monday. David G. Donahue, of Straban, and John L. Jenkins, of Mountpleasant, were nominated for Associate Judges; Edward Sheffer, of East Berlin for Assembly; Emanuel M. Zeigler, of Gettysburg, for Prothonotary; James B. Myers, of Highland, for Director of the Poor; Dr. A. P. Weaver, of Hamiltonban, for Coroner, and John G. Brinkerhoff, of Straban, for County Surveyor. The delegates from New Oxford were Messrs. E. G. Topper and Z. H. Cashman.

From Abbottstown.

The Lutheran Sunday School on Sunday decided to run an excursion to Round Top as soon as they can procure accommodations and make necessary arrangements.

Several petty thefts have been committed here lately. Last Saturday night, we are told, an unknown person entered the house of Mr. Charles Felix and came to the room where Mr. Felix was sleeping and after holding him in bed a short time, the unknown person ran down stairs and escaped through a front door. Nothing was missed.

Monday night, some one entered the cellar of Rev. D. N. Bucher and helped himself to a quantity of eatables.

Accidents.

On Thursday evening last at Mr. Simon J. Diller was driving his rapid trotter on York street, Gettysburg, he narrowly escaped running over Will Blocher. The latter lost control of his bicycle and fell almost immediately in front of Mr. Diller's rapidly approaching horse. But fortunately Mr. Blocher was sufficiently agile to worm himself off of the track, and escaped with no more serious damage than a broken bicycle.—Star.

Practical Education.

The Rochester Business University appears in this issue with a new advertisement, which we commend to the attention of those young men and young women who contemplate pursuing a commercial course, or who wish knowledge that will materially promote their interests. The new catalogue mentioned in the advertisement is an elegant book, setting forth the claims of an excellent scool in a very pleasing manner.

Destroy Them.

In some counties the constables are giving land owners notice to destroy Canada thistles without delay. The law imposes a penalty on all persons permitting these thistles to go to seed on their premises. It is the duty of the constable of each township to see that the law relating to their destruction is enforced, and in default of its observance to see that its penalties against delinquents are enforced.

FOR SALE.—A most desirable Residence. Situated on the Harrisburg road, 6 miles North of Gettysburg, 48 acres improved Lands, large new Buildings, with every other necessary improvements, all kind of Fruit &c. Terms reasonable. For further information call on or address.

MRS. JOSEPH A. DIEHL,
Plainview P. O.,
Adams county, Pa.

Large Yield.

A. J. Guise has raised for the Gettysburg Canning Company this season, 137 bushels of Early June peas, 48 bushels of Marrowfat peas and 55 bushels of beans. This was planted on 3½ acres, one of which was totally washed out by the heavy rains, leaving only 2¼ acres to produce the above amount. For the Early June peas he received 75 cents per bushel, for the Marrowfats 65 and for the beans 40 cents.

Arrested.

Last Wednesday evening Hugh Downey of this place, was arrested by officer Rupp for throwing stones at a train of the B. & H. R. R., and committed to jail by Justice Hill in default of bail. Downey accompanied the excursion of the Fire Co., to Pen-Mar, and on the return of the train alighted at Gettysburg and the train started and left him. He boarded a colored excursion train from which he was ejected, and then he resorted to stone throwing.

The Picnic.

Tuesday next, August 20th, is the day for the picnic in Marshall's grove, at Berlin Junction, for the benefit of the Catholic church and schools in this place. The various committees report grand success, and everything points to this being THE picnic of the season. Don't miss this opportunity to enjoy yourself.

Killed by the Cars.

On Thursday evening Ezra Bair, of near Hanover, was killed on the Littlestown railroad about one mile from Hanover. It seems from the Herald that Bair was a well known character, addicted to drink, and being under its influence laid down on the track, where he was seen by two ladies residing in the neighborhood. Mrs. Ra ber informed her husband when she reached home, and he said he supposed it was young Bair, as he had been about there drunk during the day. As the evening train for Littlestown had just passed he added that he feared the man had been hurt by the cars, and walked down the railroad to investigate He found his fears realized, Bair's remains being scattered along the track, he having been torn to pieces by the passing train. His father and friends were notified, and the remains gathered together. An inquest was held by Justice David P. Forney, of Conowago township, the verdict of the jury exonerating the railroad employees from blame, The train men knew nothing of the accident until next morning. The unfortunate young man lived in the small house at O'Bold's saw mill, on the road from McSherrystown to the railroad; he leaves a wife and one child.

Death of Dr. Melhorn.

Dr. E. Melhorn, of New Chester, one of the best known and highly respected physicians of this county, died on Sunday afternoon at 1 o'clock, after a short illness. Dr. Melhorn has had a very wide practice, extending over a period of 32 years, and was much esteemed by his many patients. He was aged about 65 years. His remains were laid to rest in the Cemetery at Pine's church Wednesday morning.

Fine Monument.

There is erected in the New Oxford Cemetery, over the grave of LeRoy M. Sellers, a beautiful monument of Sweden granite, that was designed and made at Sheldon, Ills., by Richard F. and R B. Myers, uncles of the dead boy, and sons of Gibson Myers, of this place. The monument represents the trunk of a tree, four feet high, with fern leaves and creepers over it, and is very natural. A hat suspended by a cord from a spike driven into the trunk is a neat and artistic piece of workmanship—as is, indeed, the whole monument.

Bogus Silver Certificate.

Bogus silver certificates of the denomination of $10 have appeared. The new counterfeits are such close imitations of the genuine that experts find it difficult to detect their true character. A week ago a notorious counterfeiter named Briggs was arrested by government detectives near Dayton, Ohio. His workshop was in a log house in the midst of a dense forest. It is supposed that the country has been flooded with the product of this manufactory of bogus certificates.

A Suggestion to Farmers.

Here is a timely suggestion from an exchange: "If our farmer readers who have horses in pasture fenced with barbed wire would plow a furrow or two around the pasture inside the fence, the danger would not be so great as without. The stock will be able to distinguish the line at night, and thus avoid being horribly injured and perhaps killed."

Annual Convention.

The annual convention of the W. C. T U. of Adams county, will be held in the Methodist church, at New Oxford, on Thursday, August 22d. Reduced rates can be procured at the ticket office, Gettysburg. All are cordially invited to attend.

MRS. JOEL SWARTZ, Pres.

Labor Day.

The first Monday of September in each year was made a holiday in Pennsylvania to be known as Labor Holiday, by an Act approved April 29, 1889. It provides that "It shall be lawful to require payment to all notes, checks and bills of exchange due and payable on such holiday to be made on the secular day next previous thereto, and in default of such payment that same may be protested and such protest shall be as valid as if made on the day on which such note, check or bill became due by its own terms."

Cut His Finger.

Calvin Spangler, of Biglerville, had the misfortune to have the leader of his second finger entirely severed recently, while sawing logs for Wm. Thomas, along Conowago creek. The saw pinched and Mr. Thomas was driving a wedge in the log with a double bitted axe, when the axe glanced off and struck young Spangler on the the back of the hand with the result noted.

Personal.

Misses Eva Sanders and Alverta Hornberger, of Littlestown, spent a few days in town, the guests of Miss Sarah Sheely, of High street. Miss Edith McFace, of York, is now the guest of Miss Sheely.

Miss Laura Shearer, of Baltimore, is stopping at the Hotel d'Ehrhart, on Pitt street.

Miss Dora Gilbert, of Centre Square, is spending some time with friends in Littlestown.

Miss Alverta Stallsmith, of Granite Hill, spent a few days with friends in town.

Mr. Chas. Wagner, of Philadelphia is stopping with his friend, Edw. V Sheely.

Miss Mamie Smith was spending a few days with friends in Mountpleasant twp.

Miss Martha Renaud, of Hanover, is visiting J. F. Warner's, Hanover street.

Miss Jennie McKinney, of Hanover, is visiting her sister, Mrs. H. J. Staub, this place.

Miss Slagle, of Littlestown, is the guest of E. G. Lough, High street.

Misses Maggie Kinneman and Emma Lillich, of Abbottstown, were visiting Mrs. Rebecca Smith and other friends at Woodsboro, Md.

Mrs. Julia Hoffheins and daughter Caroline, of Gettysburg, and Rev. Koser and family, of Williamsport, were visiting at Mr. Levi Wehler's, on High street.

Miss M. Meta Hepler, of Reading, is spending some time with her brother, Mr. Geo. H. Hepler, on High St.

Misses Ida and Annie Henninger, of Reading, are the guests of Mrs. Dr. J. L. Sheetz, Philadelphia street.

Mr. W. H. Weaver and family arrived here from Pittsburg, where they have been living since the Johnstown flood, yesterday. Mr. Weaver will make his future home in Emmitsburg, where he has already secured a situation.

Miss Katie Clark, of Columbia, is visiting Mrs. G. L. Fink, of Hanover street.

Teachers Appointed.

MOUNTPLEASANT.—White Hall, Wm. D. Myers; Valley, Annie Sachs; Mt. Rock, Maggie Wassem; Mt Fair View, Edmund V. Sheely; Swift Run, C W. Stock; Conowago, Alverta Herman; Brush Run, S. A. Nagle; Mt. Vernon, Annie Deardorff; Mt. Superior, Sadie Heck; Sweet Home, H. W. Harnish.

HAMILTON.—Mummert's, Charles L. Baker; Pine Run, Allen J. March; Seven Hundred, Allen Jacobs, Green Ridge, T. S. Patterson.

BERWICK TWP.—Pigeon Hill, No. 1, Florence Richter; Walnut Grove, No. 2, Dora V. Gilbert; Green Springs, No. 3, Alverta Thoman.

OXFORD TWP.-Red Hill, Minnie Lau.

Entertainment.

The Pine Run Singing Society will hold their annual Entertainment in Senft's grove, 1½ miles north of this place, along the Carlisle pike, on Saturday afternoon and evening, August 31st. The exercises will consist of vocal and instrumental music, and will be under the management of Prof. J. G. Decker.

"Black Eye."

One day last week, as Rev C. E. Wehler, of Blue Bell, Pa., was playing croquet with a party of friends on H. J. Myers' lawn, in this place, the mallet of one of the party flew from the handle as he was about to strike, and hit the Rev. near the right eye, inflicting several gashes, and gave him a "black eye."

Hurt His Toe.

While loading some heavy timbers on a car last Saturday, Mr. Wm. Wagner, of Hanover street, was so unfortunate as to have the great toe of his right foot badly hurt by an end of a heavy timber falling upon it.

Arm Scalded.

One day last week, Harriet, a little daughter of Esquire Cook, of Hanover street, had her arm badly scalded by some boiling water being spilled upon it.

Hanged While Playing.

Bertha I. Myers, 10 years old, of near Springvale, York county, and a smaller sister were playing on a swing in the garret of their house, Saturday evening, when by some accident Bertha became entangled in the rope of the swing and was strangled to death.

Shot His Mother.

Last Friday whilst Jerry Weigle, of near Heidlersburg was handling a flobert rifle, the weapon was discharged, the ball striking his mother, Mrs. Emanuel Weigle, who was at her work near by, and passing entirely through her thigh, shattering the bone and making a painful wound.

The war cloud in Europe is darkening again.

Big railway companies are now the order of the day.

Mr. Gladstone is confident that the Church of England will be disestablished.

The Atlanta *Constitution* declares that the greatest men this country has produced had the advantage of starting poor.

Fred Douglass, the United States Minister to the Haytian Republic, says that the people of Hayti are black Frenchmen.

England is profiting to the amount of $300,000,000 annually by the decline in the price of food products.

The people of England are said to be very enthusiastic over the marriage of the Prince of Wales's oldest daughter to an Englishman.

An English Admiral contends that all the big guns of over thirty tons are practically useless in action. Twenty rounds will finish them.

A census of horses is being taken in Paris in order to give the authorities some idea of the animals available for military purposes should need arise. At the last census Paris contained 98,080 horses and 38 mules.

Missouri is down on trusts, according to the New York *Voice*. A law has been passed making every agreement or understanding to fix prices or restrict production a conspiracy punishable by heavy fines and forfeiture of franchises.

R. P. McGregor, of Ohio, the dean mute orator who made the address at the unveiling of the Gallaudet statue at Washington, was accompanied by a reader, and the effect of this simultaneous delivery was extremely striking.

The senior class, graduated from Harvard University this year, numbered 217 members. Five men were made Doctors of Veterinary Medicine and seventeen Doctors of Dentistry. These figures show a great gain in the number of graduates in these departments.

Noiseless powder is said to be finding favor with military authorities abroad. That will tend to make war much more generally popular, observes the Washington *Star*, for raw soldiers report that, next to being killed by a gun, the most disagreeable thing is to be frightened to death by the noise.

John K. Moore claims half of the city of San Francisco, or $300,000,000. "No matter how just his claim may be," asserts the Atlanta *Constitution*, "he will never get what he sues for. Defendants in possession of $300,000,000 worth of property can keep the plaintiff out until doomsday. Money talks."

During the Arthur and Cleveland administrations the room in the White House where Garfield spent long days of agony before he was carried to Elberon was kept closed and unoccupied. The demands of the present and enlarged Presidential household have, however, brought the apartment into use again.

Says the New York *Commercial Advertiser*: "The admission of colored men to the jury in the McDow murder trial at Charleston, S. C., is a fact worthy of note. As a rule, colored prisoners prefer to be tried by white juries, but it is very unusual for a white man to allow blacks to sit as his judges without a challenge or protest."

Strange to say, there are but two purely amateur athletic field sports which have become popular in this country. They are lacrosse and tennis. The first, however, is the Canadian national game, while the latter, it is thought, would not be so popular were it not so exclusively amateur, professionalism having not as yet entered the ranks.

Very queer advertisements are at times seen in the daily papers, and a perusal of the "want" ads. will show some interesting opinions on the value of labor, remarks the New York *Sun*. For instance, a big dry goods firm advertises for a "thoroughly experienced double entry bookkeeper who must furnish best of references. Salary $11 per week." Directly following reads: "Wanted, a coachman; salary $60 per month, with board and lodging."

THE RIGHT ROAD.

I have lost the road to happiness,
Does any one know it, pray?
I was dwelling there when morn was fair
But somehow I wandered away.

I saw rare treasures in scenes of pleasure,
And ran to pursue them, when, lo!
I had lost the path to happiness
And knew not whither to go.

"I have lost the way to happiness—
Oh, who will lead me back?"
Turn off from the highway of selfishness
To the right—up duty's track!

Keep straight along and you can't go wrong
For as sure as you live, I say,
The fair, lost field of happiness
Can only be found that way.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

A PECULIAR OCCUPATION.

The mist that hung over the city one morning recently, making everybody feel uncomfortable by the excess of humidity with which it charged the atmosphere, was slowly being dispelled by the strengthening rays of the sun, when Ralph Williams, a stout, clean-shaven man, came out of an old-fashioned house on East Third street. He paused on the stone steps and looked at his watch. It was just 7½ o'clock. He stroked his chin reflectively, and started across town at a sharp pace.

He was a man who would be likely to attract attention by his appearance anywhere outside of New York. He was a typical townsman, faultlessly dressed, with an air of self-possession, a pair of keen yet laughing blue eyes, and a well-trained moustache. He was unquestionably good-natured, yet there was something in his face which told that he could not be trifled with. He moved with erect figure and a rapid stride through the hurrying throng of men and women, lads and maidens, boys and girls that were hastening to their work. At Broadway he turned up town and walked as far as Fourteenth street, and then started across town again.

Between Fifth and Sixth avenues he stopped at one of the big dry goods stores and went in. The big establishment was echoing with the sounds of bustling activity. The clerks and cash girls were busy taking down cloth covers from the shelves and counters, and dusters were being plied in vigorous fashion. Floor walkers were rushing about in an apparently excited manner ordering the disposition of newly-arrived stock, fixing upon the articles for the "bargain" counter, and preparing to have everything in shipshape order before the arrival of the day's customers.

As Mr. Williams walked up the centre aisle he was greeted by the clerks and floor walkers, and nodding a smiling "good morning" to each. He stopped here and there to make some bantering remark, which was always responded to, for, in spite of all the rush, the clerks found plenty of time to talk, and the waggings of tongues and the hum of chatter were very perceptible.

"Mr. Williams, the Superintendent wants to see you."

This remark came from a big-eyed, small-bodied, cash girl. The smile died away from Mr. Williams's face and a very serious expression took its place. He turned and walked quickly down to an office near the end of the floor. He turned in and stopped at a desk where a stern but handsome woman was busy in reading a letter. Her brow was contracted into a frown, which was evidently caused by the contents of the letter.

"You wished to see me, Miss Canter?" asked Mr. Williams, brusquely.

As Miss Canter, the Superintendent, looked up it could be seen that there many silver hairs among the black.

"Yes," she said, speaking in a sharp, business like manner. "Here is a woman complains that her pocketbook was stolen from her while she was making some purchases at the linen counter. It was a black seal pocketbook containing a plain gold ring, some cards engraved 'Mrs. John Stone, East Orange,' and $25 in ——"

"She dropped it out of her hand and it was picked up by Cash 35. It is now at the office waiting for her to claim it," interrupted Mr. Williams, calmly.

The Superintendent nodded and Mr. Williams turned and left the office.

"Mr. Wilson would like to see you, sir," said a cash girl as he walked over to the toy department. He retraced his steps and entered another office, where Mr. Wilson, junior partner of the millionaire firm, sat back in his chair studying the ceiling in a reflective manner. There seemed to be a bond of sympathy between the two men, for both smiled cordially as their eyes met.

"Ralph," said Mr. Wilson, "I want you to do a little quiet investigating for me to-night. There is a fellow here from Colorado with a scheme he wants me to go into. It sounds a little fishy, and I want to know just how things stand. If you are not too tired see me at my house about 8 o'clock."

"All right, sir."

"And, Ralph, I have just received a communication from a lawyer in Jersey City. He says his client was thrown down stairs in our store through the carelessness of a cash girl who stepped on her dress. He wants damages and threatens to sue. It smells like blackmail. Investigate it to-morrow. If the story is true we will pay liberally; if not, we won't pay a cent if it costs thousands to defend a suit. Here are the names and addresses."

Mr. Williams left the office and walked up the aisle, making several entries in his note book. He stopped at a counter near one of the Fourteenth street entrances. It was covered with piles of laces strung on pasteboard cards. A sign that swung from a bracket in the centre denoted that it was the "bargain" counter. The women who always arrive early to get the best of the bargains the stores have to offer were coming in now. All the chatter of clerks and changing of stock were over with, but the confused sounds of customers making purchases, of clerks answering questions, of floor walkers giving orders, and of cash girls running hither and thither made as much noise.

Mr. Williams took a position some distance from the bargain counter, and leaned against a showcase. To the customer he looked like a particularly lazy man, who had wandered into the store and didn't have energy enough to get out of it again. His hat was pulled down on his brows, and he seemed to be lost in a reverie. Suddenly there was a flash of his eyes, and he stepped into the struggling crowd of bargain seekers.

"Madam," he said to a tall, angular woman, who was making a bold dive over the heads of several smaller women to get a piece of lace, "your pocketbook is in danger."

Madam didn't hear, so he touched her on the shoulder. She turned with a scowl and glared at him. His interruption had made her relinquish the prize she was seeking just as her fingers were closing on it.

"How dare you, sir?" she exclaimed, hotly. "I don't know you, sir."

"Your satchel is open, and your pocketbook could easily be stolen," said Mr. Williams, calmly.

The woman turned pale, and started to make some remark, but he had already resumed his former position. He still seemed to be deeply engrossed in thought when a handsome, well dressed woman passed him. Her hands were full of little parcels, and her purse was slipping out from between them.

"Pardon me, madam, but you are losing your purse," said Mr. Williams.

The lady started, blushed, transferred her purse to her pocket, and said: "Thank you." Mr. Williams bowed and lifted his hat gallantly. "There's one lady," he muttered.

Suddenly there was a commotion among the bargain buyers and a slight scream. A pale-faced little woman had been squeezed and pushed and hustled about until she couldn't stand it any longer, and had fainted. Mr. Williams was on hand in a moment. With the aid of the clerk he carried the unfortunate woman up stairs to a room set apart for just such emergencies. Then he procured some ammonia and held it to the woman's nostrils. That revived her, but she was weak and nervous, and it required some diluted brandy to make her feel well enough to sit up in a chair. As soon as she had arrived at that pass Mr. Williams left her in charge of a girl clerk and hastened down stairs again.

He reached the first floor in time to see that there were more breakers ahead. The angular woman who had been so angry when Mr. Williams reminded her of the fact that her satchel was open, had now lost her pocket-book, and was sure that the clerk at the button counter had taken it.

"See here," she said to the floor walker, as Mr. Williams came up, "that girl has taken my pocket-book as sure as you live. I laid it on the counter here, and turned my head for just a minute. There was nobody else near, and when I turned around again the pocket-book was gone. It had $17 in it, too."

Here she showed an inclination to weep, but her eyes remained dry. The floor walker looked grave, and the girl, a pale, delicate creature, burst into tears, and was rapidly becoming hysterical.

"Now, madam," said Mr. Williams, "you are making a very serious charge against this young girl. She has been a clerk here for some time, and has always borne the best of reputations. What have you to found your charge upon?"

The woman frowned. "I don't know what business it is of yours," she said.

"I am the detective in charge of this store," replied Mr. Williams quietly, "and I have everything to do with such cases. If you can prove your charge I will arrest this clerk. If you have made it without proof then you stand in danger of arrest yourself. We do not intend to allow unfounded accusations against our clerks to go unpunished."

The woman turned pale, and stammered that she could not understand how it could be otherwise than she had said. Mr. Williams interrupted her with:

"Have you looked in your pockets?"

"Oh, I'm sure it isn't there, for I left——"

"Look," said Mr. Williams, sharply.

The woman stuck her hand into her dress pocket, and turned pale as a sheet. She began fumbling awkwardly, but Mr. Williams said, again speaking sharply:

"You have it in your hand. Now show it." The woman fished out the pocketbook, looking very shame faced.

"Now, how about your accusation?" said Mr. Williams, in a sarcastic tone.

"I really," stammered the woman, and, taking out a coin, handed it to the clerk.

The latter indignantly turned her back, and the woman retreated, red with humiliation and anger.

"Guess she'd like to kill me," chuckled Mr. Williams, softly. Then turning to the sobbing girl, he said in a kindly voice: "Never mind, child; there are all sorts of people in the world. If you break your heart over every cruel word you won't get along well. Pretty near your luncheon time, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir," sobbed the girl.

"Well, go now and bathe your eyes. I'll fix your time all right."

Nothing eventful occurred within the next twenty minutes, and Mr. Williams stood looking out of one of the entrances in his usual preoccupied manner. One of the assistant superintendents came along and touched him on the shoulder. They passed out together and crossed over to Sixth avenue, where they entered a German restaurant, and soon were busy discussing the merits of roast beef and potato salad. It was a quiet luncheon, and yet a merry one, for other employes came over, and there was a lively interchange of chaff. After luncheon came a smoke, and then, the hour having expired, Mr. Williams had no sooner entered the store than a cash girl came running up to him with a note. It read:

"There is a woman in the bric-a-brac department who needs watching."

Williams crumpled the note in his hand and started up the stairs to the second floor. A woman of stylish appearance was inspecting some cut glass. There were many other customers in the department, but all the clerks were watching this one. Williams scrutinized her closely from under his eyebrows. He stood apparently examining a fancy clock, but really studying her, for five minutes. Then he took a slip of paper and wrote on it these words:

"The suspect has been indulging rather freely in wine, but is all right."

"Send this to Mr. Wilson," he whispered to a clerk and then went down to the first floor again.

The usual throng was passing in and out the Fourteenth street doors.

"Why, how do you do ladies?" Williams said, suddenly stepping up to two young women.

They were rather overdressed and their faces though pretty, were marred by a certain recklessness of expression and by quantities of paint and powder. They smiled knowingly, and the taller of the two said in an amused tone:

"Hello, Ralph."

"Haven't you made a mistake ladies?" said William in a calm, quizical tone.

Nobody watching them would have supposed that he was doing nothing more than addressing some pleasant remark to the two women.

"It's all right, Ralph," returned the woman in a deprecating voice; "we're straight this time. We only want to get some lace."

"All right," said Williams; "I'll go along with you to see that you don't make any mistake."

The women bit their lips and looked annoyed, but made no objection. Williams piloted them carefully through the crowds and saw them make their purchases and depart. He watched them closely all the time while he kept up a running cross-fire of jests.

"Who are they, Ralph?" asked a floor walker, as they went out.

"Two of the flyest pickpockets in the country," was the reply.

Just then his eye rested on a woman at the handkerchief counter and in a moment he was at her side.

"What, Kate again? Haven't I warned you to keep away?"

"I'm on the dead level this time, Ralph, honest Injun."

She was a dumpy, cross-looking woman, very insignificant in appearance.

"That's all right, Kate," said Williams sternly, "but you'll have to go through the act just the same."

His reply seemed unexpected, and the woman swore savagely.

"Come, now, careful, Kate," said Williams, calmly, "you know I won't stand much of that."

The woman glared fiercely, but followed him nevertheless to one of the offices on the second floor. Williams nodded to a woman floor walker and she accompanied them.

"Search her," he said, as the door closed behind them.

The floor walker examined the pockets, dress and underwear of the woman. She proved to be a walking caravansary. Handkerchiefs, stockings, gloves, toilet articles, pocketbooks and dozens of knick-knacks were drawn from the most wonderful hiding places. Her dress skirt had been slit underneath some of the folds, and this had enabled her to stick stolen articles into pockets in her petticoat.

"Search her bonnet," said Williams.

Kate started up as though to resist, but a glance from Williams's eyes made her change her mind, and she sank back into a chair with a muttered curse. A handsome purse containing $50 was stowed away just inside the bonnet.

"I didn't get it here, 'pon honor, Ralph," she pleaded.

Williams paid no attention to her, but watched further the search of the floor-walker and directed her movements. When the search was finished to his satisfaction he led the thief down stairs and out of a side entrance.

"This is your last warning," he said sharply; "the next time you go up."

The woman crept away frightened by his manner. As he re-entered the store, Mr. Wilson came up to him:

"Here is a woman who complains that she has lost her pocketbook. It has a card marked 'Mrs. Johnson,' and $50 in it."

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NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®
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The war cloud in Europe is darkening again.

Big railway companies are now the order of the day.

Mr. Gladstone is confident that the Church of England will be disestablished.

The Atlanta *Constitution* declares that the greatest men this country has produced had the advantage of starting poor.

Fred Douglass, the United States Minister to the Haytian Republic, says that the people of Hayti are black Frenchmen.

England is profiting to the amount of $300,000,000 annually by the decline in the price of food products.

The people of England are said to be very enthusiastic over the marriage of the Prince of Wales's oldest daughter to an Englishman.

An English Admiral contends that all the big guns of over thirty tons are practically useless in action. Twenty rounds will finish them.

A census of horses is being taken in Paris in order to give the authorities some idea of the animals available for military purposes should need arise. At the last census Paris contained 98,080 horses and 38 mules.

Missouri is down on trusts, according to the New York *Voice*. A law has been passed making every agreement or understanding to fix prices or restrict production a conspiracy punishable by heavy fines and forfeiture of franchises.

R. P. McGregor, of Ohio, the deaf mute orator who made the address at the unveiling of the Gallaudet statue at Washington, was accompanied by a reader, and the effect of this simultaneous delivery was extremely striking.

The senior class, graduated from Harvard University this year, numbered 217 members. Five men were made Doctors of Veterinary Medicine and seventeen Doctors of Dentistry. These figures show a great gain in the number of graduates in these departments.

Noiseless powder is said to be finding favor with military authorities abroad. That will tend to make war much more generally popular, observes the Washington *Star*, for raw soldiers report that, next to being killed by a gun, the most disagreeable thing is to be frightened to death by the noise.

John K. Moore claims half of the city of San Francisco, or $300,000,000. "No matter how just his claim may be," asserts the Atlanta *Constitution*, "he will never get what he sues for. Defendants in possession of $300,000,000 worth of property can keep the plaintiff out until doomsday. Money talks."

During the Arthur and Cleveland administrations the room in the White House where Garfield spent long days of agony before he was carried to Elberon was kept closed and unoccupied. The demands of the present and enlarged Presidential household have, however, brought the apartment into use again.

Says the New York *Commercial Advertiser:* "The admission of colored men to the jury in the McDow murder trial at Charleston, S. C., is a fact worthy of note. As a rule, colored prisoners prefer to be tried by white juries, but it is very unusual for a white man to allow blacks to sit as his judges without a challenge or protest."

Strange to say, there are but two purely amateur athletic field sports which have become popular in this country. They are lacrosse and tennis. The first, however, is the Canadian national game, while the latter, it is thought, would not be so popular were it not so exclusively amateur, professionalism having not as yet entered the ranks.

Very queer advertisements are at times seen in the daily papers, and a perusal of the "want" ads. will show some interesting opinions on the value of labor, remarks the New York *Sun*. For instance, a big dry goods firm advertises for a "thoroughly experienced double entry bookkeeper who must furnish best of references. Salary $11 per week." Directly following reads: "Wanted, a coachman; salary $60 per month, with board and lodging."

THE RIGHT ROAD.

I have lost the road to happiness,
Does any one know it, pray?
I was dwelling there when morn was fair
But somehow I wandered away.

I saw rare treasures in scenes of pleasures,
And ran to pursue them, when, lo!
I had lost the path to happiness
And knew not whither to go.

"I have lost the way to happiness—
Oh, who will lead me back?"
Turn off from the highway of selfishness
To the right—up duty's track!

Keep straight along and you can't go wrong
For as sure as you live, I say,
The fair, lost field of happiness
Can only be found that way.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

A PECULIAR OCCUPATION.

The mist that hung over the city one morning recently, making everybody feel uncomfortable by the excess of humidity with which it charged the atmosphere, was slowly being dispelled by the strengthening rays of the sun, when Ralph Williams, a stout, clean-shaven man, came out of an old-fashioned house on East Third street. He paused on the stone steps and looked at his watch. It was just 7½ o'clock. He stroked his chin reflectively, and started across town at a sharp pace.

He was a man who would be likely to attract attention by his appearance anywhere outside of New York. He was a typical townsman, faultlessly dressed, with an air of self-possession, a pair of keen yet laughing blue eyes, and a well-trained moustache. He was unquestionably good-natured, yet there was something in his face which told that he could not be trifled with. He moved with erect figure and a rapid stride through the hurrying throng of men and women, lads and maidens, boys and girls that were hastening to their work. At Broadway he turned up town and walked as far as Fourteenth street, and then started across town again.

Between Fifth and Sixth avenues he stopped at one of the big dry goods stores and went in. The big establishment was echoing with the sounds of bustling activity. The clerks and cash girls were busy taking down cloth covers from the shelves and counters, and dusters were being plied in vigorous fashion. Floor walkers were rushing about in an apparently excited manner ordering the disposition of newly-arrived stock, fixing upon the articles for the "bargain" counter, and preparing to have everything in shipshape order before the arrival of the day's customers.

As Mr. Williams walked up the centre aisle he was greeted by the clerks and floor walkers, and nodding a smiling "good morning" to each. He stopped here and there to make some bantering remark, which was always responded to, for, in spite of all the rush, the clerks found plenty of time to talk, and the waggings of tongues and the hum of chatter were very perceptible.

"Mr. Williams, the Superintendent wants to see you."

This remark came from a big-eyed, small-bodied, cash girl. The smile died away from Mr. Williams's face and a very serious expression took its place. He turned and walked quickly down to an office near the end of the floor. He turned in and stopped at a desk where a stern but handsome woman was busy in reading a letter. Her brow was contracted into a frown, which was evidently caused by the contents of the letter.

"You wished to see me, Miss Canter?" asked Mr. Williams, brusquely.

As Miss Canter, the Superintendent, looked up it could be seen that there many silver hairs among the black.

"Yes," she said, speaking in a sharp, business like manner. "Here is a woman complains that her pocketbook was stolen from her while she was making some purchases at the linen counter. It was a black seal pocketbook containing a plain gold ring, some cards engraved Mrs. John Stone, East Orange, and $25 in ——"

"She dropped it out of her hand and it was picked up by Cash 35. It is now at the office waiting for her to claim it," interrupted Mr. Williams, calmly,

The Superintendent nodded and Mr. Williams turned and left the office.

"Mr. Wilson would like to see you, sir," said a cash girl as he walked over to the toy department. He retraced his steps and entered another office, where Mr. Wilson, junior partner of the millionaire firm, sat back in his chair studying the ceiling in a reflective manner. There seemed to be a bond of sympathy between the two men, for both smiled cordially as their eyes met.

"Ralph," said Mr. Wilson, "I want you to do a little quiet investigating for me to-night. There is a fellow here from Colorado with a scheme he wants me to go into. It sounds a little fishy, and I want to know just how things stand. If you are not too tired see me at my house about 8 o'clock."

"All right, sir."

"And, Ralph, I have just received a communication from a lawyer in Jersey City. He says his client was thrown down stairs in our store through the carelessness of a cash girl who stepped on her dress. He wants damages and threatens to sue. It smells like blackmail. Investigate it to-morrow. If the story is true we will pay liberally; if not, we won't pay a cent if it costs thousands to defend a suit. Here are the names and addresses."

Mr. Williams left the office and walked up the aisle, making several entries in his note book. He stopped at a counter near one of the Fourteenth street entrances. It was covered with piles of laces strung on pasteboard cards. A sign that swung from a bracket in the centre denoted that it was the "bargain" counter. The women who always arrive early to get the best of the bargains the stores have to offer were coming in now. All the chatter of clerks and changing of stock were over with, but the confused sounds of customers making purchases, of clerks answering questions, of floor walkers giving orders, and of cash girls running hither and thither made as much noise.

Mr. Williams took a position some distance from the bargain counter, and leaned against a showcase. To the customer he looked like a particularly lazy man, who had wandered into the store and didn't have energy enough to get out of it again. His hat was pulled down on his brows, and he seemed to be lost in a reverie. Suddenly there was a flash of his eyes, and he stepped into the struggling crowd of bargain seekers.

"Madam," he said to a tall, angular woman, who was making a bold dive over the heads of several smaller women to get a piece of lace, "your pocketbook is in danger."

Madam didn't hear, so he touched her on the shoulder. She turned with a scowl and glared at him. His interruption had made her relinquish the prize she was seeking just as her fingers were closing on it.

"How dare you, sir?" she exclaimed, hotly. "I don't know you, sir."

"Your satchel is open, and your pocketbook could easily be stolen," said Mr. Williams, calmly.

The woman turned pale, and started to make some remark, but he had already resumed his former position. He still seemed to be deeply engrossed in thought when a handsome, well dressed woman passed him. Her hands were full of little parcels, and her purse was slipping out from between them.

"Pardon me, madam, but you are losing your purse," said Mr. Williams.

The lady started, blushed, transferred her purse to her pocket, and said: "Thank you." Mr. Williams bowed and lifted his hat gallantly. "There's one lady," he muttered.

Suddenly there was a commotion among the bargain buyers and a slight scream. A pale-faced little woman had been squeezed and pushed and hustled about until she couldn't stand it any longer, and had fainted. Mr. Williams was on hand in a moment. With the aid of the clerk he carried the unfortunate woman up stairs to a room set apart for just such emergencies. Then he procured some ammonia and held it to the woman's nostrils. That revived her, but she was weak and nervous, and it required some diluted brandy to make her feel well enough to sit up in a chair. As soon as she had arrived at that pass Mr. Williams left her in charge of a girl clerk and hastened down stairs again.

He reached the first floor in time to see that there were more breakers ahead. The angular woman who had been so angry when Mr. Williams reminded her of the fact that her satchel was open, had now lost her pocket-book, and was sure that the clerk at the button counter had taken it.

"See here," she said to the floor walker, as Mr. Williams came up, "that girl has taken my pocket-book as sure as you live. I laid it on the counter here, and turned my head for just a minute. There was nobody else near, and when I turned around again the pocket-book was gone. It had $17 in it, too."

Here she showed an inclination to weep, but her eyes remained dry. The floor walker looked grave, and the girl, a pale, delicate creature, burst into tears, and was rapidly becoming hysterical.

"Now, madam," said Mr. Williams, "you are making a very serious charge against this young girl. She has been a clerk here for some time, and has always borne the best of reputations. What have you to found your charge upon?"

The woman frowned. "I don't know what business it is of yours," she said.

"I am the detective in charge of this store," replied Mr. Williams quietly, "and I have everything to do with such cases. If you can prove your charge I will arrest this clerk. If you have made it without proof then you stand in danger of arrest yourself. We do not intend to allow unfounded accusations against our clerks to go unpunished."

The woman turned pale, and stammered that she could not understand how it could be otherwise than she had said. Mr. Williams interrupted her with:

"Have you looked in your pockets!"

"Oh, I'm sure it isn't there, for I left——"

"Look," said Mr. Williams, sharply.

The woman stuck her hand into her dress pocket, and turned pale as a sheet. She began fumbling awkwardly, but Mr. Williams said, again speaking sharply:

"You have it in your hand. Now show it." The woman fished out the pocketbook, looking very shame faced.

"Now, how about your accusation?" said Mr. Williams, in a sarcastic tone.

"I really," stammered the woman, and, taking out a coin, handed it to the clerk.

The latter indignantly turned her back, and the woman retreated, red with humiliation and anger.

"Guess she'd like to kill me," chuckled Mr. Williams, softly. Then turning to the sobbing girl, he said in a kindly voice: "Never mind, child; there are all sorts of people in the world. If you break your heart over every cruel word you won't get along well. Pretty near your luncheon time, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir," sobbed the girl.

"Well, go now and bathe your eyes. I'll fix your time all right."

Nothing eventful occurred within the next twenty minutes, and Mr. Williams stood looking out of one of the entrances in his usual preoccupied manner. One of the assistant superintendents came along and touched him on the shoulder. They passed out together and crossed over to Sixth avenue, where they entered a German restaurant, and soon were busy discussing the merits of roast beef and potato salad. It was a quiet luncheon, and yet a merry one, for other employes came over, and there was a lively interchange of chaff. After luncheon came a smoke, and then, the hour having expired, Mr. Williams had no sooner entered the store than a cash girl came running up to him with a note. It read:

"There is a woman in the bric-a-brac department who needs watching."

Williams crumpled the note in his hand and started up the stairs to the second floor. A woman of stylish appearance was inspecting some cut glass. There were many other customers in the department, but all the clerks were watching this one. Williams scrutinized her closely from under his eyebrows. He stood apparently examining a fancy clock, but really studying her, for five minutes. Then he took a slip of paper and wrote on it these words:

"The suspect has been indulging rather freely in wine, but is all right."

"Send this to Mr. Wilson," he whispered to a clerk and then went down to the first floor again.

The usual throng was passing in and out the Fourteenth street doors.

"Why, how do you do ladies?" Williams said, suddenly stepping up to two young women.

They were rather overdressed and their faces though pretty, were marred by a certain recklessness of expression and by quantities of paint and powder. They smiled knowingly, and the taller of the two said in an amused tone:

"Hello, Ralph."

"Haven't you made a mistake ladies?" said William in a calm, quizical tone.

Nobody watching them would have supposed that he was doing nothing more than addressing some pleasant remark to the two women.

"It's all right, Ralph," returned the woman in a deprecating voice; "we're straight this time. We only want to get some lace."

"All right," said Williams; "I'll go along with yon to see that you don't make any mistake."

The women bit their lips and looked annoyed, but made no objection. Williams piloted them carefully through the crowds and saw them make their purchases and depart. He watched them closely all the time while he kept up a running cross-fire of jests.

"Who are they, Ralph?" asked a floor walker, as they went out.

"Two of the flyest pickpockets in the country," was the reply.

Just then his eye rested on a woman at the handkerchief counter and in a moment he was at her side.

"What, Kate again? Haven't I warned you to keep away?"

"I'm on the dead level this time, Ralph, honest Injun."

She was a dumpy, cross-looking woman, very insignificant in appearance.

"That's all right, Kate," said Williams sternly, "but you'll have to go through the act just the same."

His reply seemed unexpected, and the woman swore savagely.

"Come, now, careful, Kate," said Williams, calmly, "you know I won't stand much of that."

The woman glared fiercely, but followed him nevertheless to one of the offices on the second floor. Williams nodded to a woman floor walker and she accompanied them.

"Search her," he said, as the door closed behind them.

The floor walker examined the pockets, dress and underwear of the woman. She proved to be a walking caravansary. Handkerchiefs, stockings, gloves, toilet articles, pocketbooks and dozens of knick-knacks were drawn from the most wonderful hiding places. Her dress skirt had been slit underneath some of the folds, and this had enabled her to stick stolen articles into pockets in her petticoat.

"Search her bonnet," said Williams.

Kate started up as though to resist, but a glance from Williams's eyes made her change her mind, and she sank back into a chair with a muttered curse. A handsome purse containing $50 was stowed away just inside the bonnet.

"I didn't get it here, 'pon honor, Ralph," she pleaded.

Williams paid no attention to her, but watched further the search of the floor-walker and directed her movements. When the search was finished to his satisfaction he led the thief down stairs and out of a side entrance.

"This is your last warning," he said sharply; "the next time you go up."

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HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

WHITENING IVORY-HANDLED KNIVES.

To restore the whiteness to ivory-handled knives, wash with soaped flannel and lukewarm water; then wipe very dry. Soak them occasionally in alum water that has been boiled and allowed to cool. Let the handles lie for an hour in this, and then remove them and brush well—say with a nail brush. After this, take a clean linen towel, dip it in cold water, squeeze it out, and while wet wrap it around the handles, leaving them in it to dry gradually, as, if dried too rapidly out of the alum water they will be injured. If properly managed this process will whiten them.—*New York Dispatch.*

TO CLEAN THE POTS.

The natural color of iron is gray, and a little care will keep iron vessels this color. If they are black it is because they are dirty. It is a good plan, occasionally, if you must use ironware instead of lighter vessels, to plunge such articles as baking-pans, spiders, griddles, etc., in water, with one tablespoonful of soda to each gallon of water, cover close, and cook them for two hours. Then remove one at a time and wash each piece before it dries. You will be amazed at the changed condition of your wares the first time you do it, unless you are one among 10,000 of our housekeepers.—*Washington Star.*

CARPETS AND RUGS.

The hygienic disadvantages of carpet-dust have been considerably overrated. In the homes of wealthy Turks, where lung diseases are almost unknown, every sitting-room and bed-room is often furnished with the heaviest woolen carpets, which are rarely removed oftener than once in three years. Dust, under those circumstances, can hardly be avoided, but of such impurities our respiratory organs seem able to rid themselves by a mere sifting process, and the true lung-bane is, indeed, not dust, but the subtle poison of vitiated gases. The sanitary statistics of European cities prove that teamster work, and even street-sweeping, are by no means incompatible with longevity. Still, in rooms where dust is apt to accumulate, movable rugs are, on the whole, preferable to large carpets, which, indeed, they have begun to supersede in the model parlors of many sanitary establishments.—*Felix L. Oswald, M. D.*

FRUITS INJURED BY BLEACHING.

Bleaching dried fruits has become quite common, but no good reason can be given for the practice. They look whiter if bleached—so does the farmers' hay—but the quality or natural fruit-flavor is always injured by the process. It is done chiefly in evaporators, by adding sulphur or brimstone when the fruit is partly dried. The history of its origin is uncertain. Some one began it, and as it pleased those commission dealers and cooks who prefer whiteness to quality, bleached fruit had a boom in price, and other evaporator owners felt obliged to follow. In some places there is already a reaction. The quality of the green fruit can be told pretty well if it is of the natural color, but not if it is bleached. Evaporated fruit is preferable to most sun or slow dried, as it is cleaner and, in damp weather, much less likely to injury in drying. In future, intelligent and observing consumers will patronize evaporator owners who do not bleach their fruit.—*Joel W. Smith, M. D., in New York Tribune.*

CREAMS.

Creams are a delicious dessert for summer, being light and refreshing, and and have the merit of being very easily prepared. Creams should be ice cold when served. They may be flavored with anything desired—fruits, chocolate, coffee or tea. Cakes should always be served with creams.

Coffee Cream—Make a pint of rich custard; dissolve one ounce of gelatine and three ounces of sugar in a small cup of very strong coffee; add the custard and strain. Whip half a pint of cream; stir with the custard; let cool and pour in a mold and set on ice to harden.

Strawberry Cream—Take a pint of ripe strawberries, put them on a sieve and cover with sugar; dissolve two ounces of gelatine; put three ounces of sugar and the juice of a lemon, and set on fire to heat. Strain the strawberries: add the gelatine; let cool; stir in half a pint of whipped cream; pour in a mold and set on ice to form. Raspberries, currants or other small fruit may be used in place of the strawberries.

Pistache Cream—Dissolve half an ounce of gelatine with three ounces of sugar in half a pint of water; add the juice of one lemon and two oranges; whip half a pint of cream. When the gelatine begins to thicken stir it in with three ounces of pistachio nuts, blanched and chopped fine: set on ice and stir lightly until it begins to thicken.

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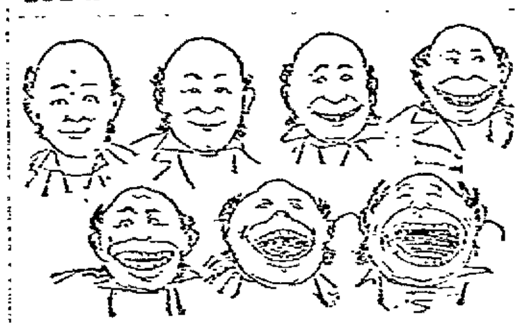

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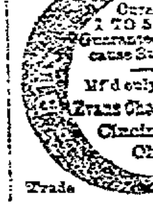

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To restore the whiteness to ivory-handled knives, wash with soaped flannel and lukewarm water; then wipe very dry. Soak them occasionally in alum water that has been boiled and allowed to cool. Let the handles lie for an hour in this, and then remove them and brush well—say with a nail brush. After this, take a clean linen towel, dip it in cold water, squeeze it out, and while wet wrap it around the handles, leaving them in it to dry gradually, as, if dried too rapidly out of the alum water they will be injured. If properly managed, this process will whiten them.—*New York Dispatch.*

TO CLEAN THE POTS.

The natural color of iron is gray, and a little care will keep iron vessels this color. If they are black it is because they are dirty. It is a good plan, occasionally, if you must use ironware instead of lighter vessels, to plunge such articles as baking-pans, spiders, griddles, etc., in water, with one tablespoonful of soda to each gallon of water, cover close, and cook them for two hours. Then remove one at a time and wash each piece before it dries. You will be amazed at the changed condition of your wares the first time you do it, unless you are one among 10,000 of our housekeepers.—*Washington Star.*

CARPETS AND RUGS.

The hygienic disadvantages of carpet-dust have been considerably overrated. In the homes of wealthy Turks, where lung diseases are almost unknown, every sitting-room and bed-room is often furnished with the heaviest woolen carpets, which are rarely removed oftener than once in three years. Dust, under those circumstances, can hardly be avoided, but of such impurities our respiratory organs seem able to rid themselves by a mere sifting process, and the true lungbane is, indeed, not dust, but the subtle poison of vitiated gases. The sanitary statistics of European cities prove that teamster work, and even street-sweeping, are by no means incompatible with longevity. Still, in rooms where dust is apt to accumulate, movable rugs are, on the whole, preferable to large carpets, which, indeed, they have begun to supercede in the model parlors of many sanitary establishments.—*Felix L. Oswald, M. D.*

FRUITS INJURED BY BLEACHING.

Bleaching dried fruits has become quite common, but no good reason can be given for the practice. They look whiter if bleached—so does the farmers' hay—but the quality or natural fruit-flavor is always injured by the process. It is done chiefly in evaporators, by adding sulphur or brimstone when the fruit is partly dried. The history of its origin is uncertain. Some one began it, and as it pleased those commission dealers and cooks who prefer whiteness to quality, bleached fruit had a boom in price, and other evaporator owners felt obliged to follow. In some places there is already a reaction. The quality of the green fruit can be told pretty well if it is of the natural color, but not if it is bleached. Evaporated fruit is preferable to most sun or slow dried, as it is cleaner and, in damp weather, much less likely to injury in drying. In future, intelligent and observing consumers will patronize evaporator owners who do not bleach their fruit. —*Joel W. Smith, M. D., in New York Tribune.*

CREAMS.

Creams are a delicious dessert for summer, being light and refreshing, and and have the merit of being very easily prepared. Creams should be ice cold when served. They may be flavored with anything desired—fruits, chocolate, coffee or tea. Cakes should always be served with creams.

Coffee Cream—Make a pint of rich custard; dissolve one ounce of gelatine and three ounces of sugar in a small cup of very strong coffee; add the custard and strain. Whip half a pint of cream; stir with the custard; let cool and pour in a mold and set on ice to harden.

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We all know how to talk, and there is a certain quota of words put on the tongue of every man just as the song is given to the canary bird or to the robin. But beyond the song these birds cannot go. And beyond the natural speech, or the words which nature gives to every one, the illiterate human being cannot go. His vocabulary is limited until he become a student. Then it begins to widen, and there is no boundary line to its possibilities. The writer who imagines he can give additional emphasis to a composition by the use of large words is greatly mistaken. The economy of the reader's attention is absorbed in understanding and applying these big words, and there is little of the mental energy left with which to digest the idea which these long words contain. The picture which is brought before his mental vision is therefore dim and uncertain. If the writer would give more prominence to the idea and less to the verbal frame; in other words, if he would use simple language, which by contrast would bring out the idea, he would not only economize his reader's mental energy, but would benefit himself by making himself more easily understood. The mind is not able to do more than one thing at a time and do it well. It cannot delve into the mysteries of a many-syllabled word and comprehend the thought in a proper manner at once. Does the man say that he cannot write a book or an article with little words? Then he is very wrong. If he knew how many little words are in the speech of the land he would not say that he cannot find those small words. And it may be said that these small words have more force than the big words, because, the soul of the tongue, or it would be more fit to say speech, is to be found in the short words more than in the long. In this all the men who write on words think as one. They feel that the very life of the thing is shown in the short word. There is no long word that will take the place of buzz, sour, roar, splash, acid, scrape, sough, whiz, bang, rough, smooth, keen, blunt, thin. Each of these words is like the thing which it sets forth, and so it is more strong and helps the brain in its work.

It Don't Pay

To use uncertain means when suffering from diseases of the liver, blood or lungs, such as biliousness, or "liver complaint," skin diseases, scrofulous sores or swellings, or from lung scrofula (commonly known as consumption of the lungs) when Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is guaranteed to cure all these affections, if taken in time, or money paid for it will by promptly refunded.

$500 offered for an incurable case of Catarrh in the Head, by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Remedy.

Another European war has been started—on paper.

Buying and using an ALDINE FIRE-PLACE is equivalent to a reduction of 40 per cent. in the price of coal. Notice their advertisement in this paper. They will send illustrated circular free.

MAUD MULLER has been fined $10 for misdemeanor at Parsons, Kan. What's in a name?

Do You

Have that extreme tired feeling, languor, without appetite or strength, impaired digestion, and a general feeling of misery it is impossible to describe? Hood's Sarsaparilla is a wonderful medicine for creating an appetite, promoting digestion and toning up the whole system, giving strength and activity in place of weakness and debility. Be sure to get Hood's.

"I take Hood's Sarsaparilla every year as a tonic with most satisfactory results. I recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all who have that miserable tired feeling."—C. PARMELEE, 349 Bridge St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

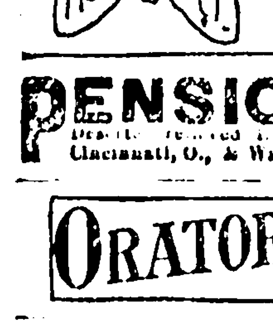
Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

MAN-A-LIN THE System Regulator.

Are your Liver, Kidneys or Bowels out of order? MAN-A-LIN will put them in order. Are you Constipated and Bilious? MAN-A-LIN will correct both troubles. Does your head ache? MAN-A-LIN will cure it. Are you suffering from Piles? MAN-A-LIN will make them disappear. Is you Complexion sallow, your Taste bad and your head heavy? BILIOUSNESS MAN-A-LIN will give you rosy cheeks, a pure breath and a clear head For a system that 's out of order there is nothing like MAN-A-LIN and nothing like it to keep the system in order. Try it. Sold by all druggists—$1 a bottle; 6 for $5 Send for Dr. Hartman's "Ills of Life." Man-a-lin is manufactured by THE PERUNA MED. CO., Columbus, O.



DUTCHER'S FLY KILLER

Makes a clean sweep. Every sheet will kill a quart of flies. Stops buzzing around ears, diving at eyes, tickling your nose, skips hard words and secures peace at trifling expense. Send 25 cents for 5 sheets to F. DUTCHER, St. Albans, Vt.

PENSIONS DUE ALL SOLDIERS if disabled pay etc. [illegible] A. W. McCORMICK & SONS, Cincinnati, O., & Washington, D. C. Mention this paper.

ORATORS say Piso's Cure for Consumption is THE BEST for keeping the voice clear. 25 cents.

IS YOUR FARM FOR SALE or do you wish to buy a farm? If so address CURTIS & WRIGHT, 233 Broadway, N. Y.

HELP WANTED.—Johnstown Book in lots of fifty. 60 per ct. off Retails $2.25. JOHNSTOWN PUB. CO., 19 S. Ninth Street, Philadelphia.

DROPSY. Why suffer when I have a guaranteed cure? Send $1. by mail Remedy sent by return post. PFEIL & CO, 155 N. 2d St., Philada.

PATENTS F. A. Lehmann, Washington, D.C. Send for circular.

Agents wanted. $1 an hour. 50 new articles. Cat'l'gue and sample free. C. E. MARSHALL, Buffalo, N. Y.

PALMS BUS. COLLEGE, Philadelphia, Pa. Scholarship and position, $50 Write for circular.

PEERLESS DYES ARE THE BEST. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

"Penny wise and pound foolish" are those who think it *economy* to use cheap soda and rosin soaps, instead of the good old Dobbins's Electric Soap; for sale by all grocers since 1864. Try it once. Be sure, buy genuine.

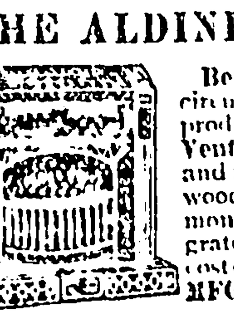
There are 2,000 Icelanders in the city of Winnipeg, Man.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c. per bottle.

Ask your druggist for "Tansill's Punch."

Mr. Macdonald, the manager who led the London 'Times' into the Pigott forgery business, is a keen and clever sportsman with a rod and gun. He was the administrator of the 'Times' $1,250,000 commissariat relief fund in the Crimean war.

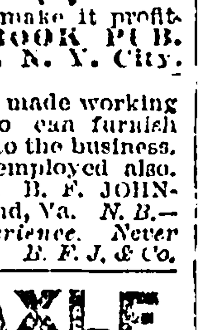
THE ALDINE FIRE PLACE



Before Buying Grates, get our circular, Sent Free. The Aldine produces Warm Floors, Perfect Ventilation; keeps fire over night, and is cleanly. Burns coal, coke, wood or gas. Can be piped to common chimneys, or set like other grates, and can be run at half the cost of any other. Address ALDINE MFG. CO., Grand Rapids, Mich.

"MOTHERS' FRIEND" MAKES CHILD BIRTH EASY SHORTENS LABOR LESSENS PAIN DIMINISHES DANGER TO LIFE OF MOTHER AND CHILD BOOK TO "MOTHERS" MAILED FREE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO. ATLANTA GA SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

MAKE CHICKENS PAY.



If you know how to properly care for them. For 25 cents in stamps you can procure a 100-PAGE BOOK giving the experience of a practical Poultry Raiser not an amateur, but a man working for dollars and cents—during a period of 25 years. It teaches you how to Detect and Cure Diseases: to Feed for Eggs and also for Fattening; which Fowls to Save for Breeding Purposes; and everything, indeed, you should know on this subject to make it profitable. Sent postpaid for 25c. BOOK PUB. HOUSE, 134 Leonard Street, N. Y. City.

$75 TO $250 A MONTH can be made working for us. Agents preferred who can furnish a horse and give their whole time to the business. Spare moments may be profitably employed also. A few vacancies in towns and cities. B. F. JOHNSON & CO., 1009 Main St., Richmond, Va. *N. B.—Please state age and business experience. Never mind about sending stamp for reply.* B. F. J. & Co.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE BEST IN THE WORLD Get the Genuine. Sold Everywhere.

HOME STUDY. Book-keeping, Business Forms, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Short-hand, etc., thoroughly taught by MAIL. Circulars free. Bryant's College, 457 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

SINGERS who have used Piso's Cure for Consumption say it is BEST OF ALL. Sold everywhere. 25c

ST. JACOBS OIL

Chronic Neuralgia.

Permanent Cures. June 11, 1887. Suffered a long time with neuralgia in the head; was prostrated at times, gave St Jacobs Oil a trial; have been entirely cured, no return. JEREMIAH ENEY, 1812 W. Lombard st., Balto., Md.

Permanent Cures. October 17, 1886. My wife was paralyzed from neuralgia, she could not walk a step; I bought St. Jacobs Oil, after one bottle was used she walked about; continued use completely cured her. JAS. P. MURPHY, Springfield, Tenn.

Permanent Cures. June 17, 1887. Years ago had neuralgia; not subject to attacks now; the cure by use of St. Jacobs Oil was permanent; there has been no recurrence of the painful affliction. E. W. SPANGLER, York, Penna.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

P N U 31

CHEAPEST AND BEST

GERMAN DICTIONARY OF 624 PAGES FOR ONLY ONE DOLLAR. A FIRST-CLASS DICTIONARY AT VERY SMALL PRICE.

It gives English Words with the German Equivalents and Pronunciation and German Words with English Definitions. Sent postpaid on receipt of $1

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SALEM MASS., May 31, 1888.

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The German Dictionary is received and I am much pleased with it. I did not expect to find such clear print in so cheap a book. Please send a copy to —, and inclosed find $1 for same. M. M. HASKELL.

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191 Pages, 91 Full-Page Maps.

Colored Maps of each State and Territory in the United States. Also Maps of every Country in the World. The letter press gives the square miles of each State; time of settlement; population; chief cities; average temperature; salary of officials and the principal postmasters in the State; number of farms, with their productions and the value thereof; different manufactures and number of employes, etc., etc. Also the area of each Foreign Country; form of government; population; principal products and their money value; amount of trade; religion; size of army; miles of railroad and telegraph; number of horses, cattle, sheep, and a vast amount of information valuable to all.

EVERY FAMILY SHOULD HAVE ONE.

All newspaper readers are constantly needing an Atlas for reference in order to intelligently understand the article they are perusing. It is surprising how much information is thus stored away in the memory, and how soon one becomes familiar with the chief points concerning all the Nations of the World. Postpaid for 25 cents. BOOK PUB. HOUSE, 134 Leonard St., N. Y. City.

JOSEPH H. HUNTER, ATTORNEY, WASHINGTON, D. C. WILL GET YOUR PENSION without DELAY.

THE BEST PRICE COUGH 25 CTS. MEDICINE. PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

You Ought to Know

All about a Horse. How to pick Out a Good One. See Imperfections and so Guard against Fraud. Detect Disease and effect a Cure when same is possible. Tell the Age by the Teeth. What to call the Different Parts of the Animal. How to Shoe Properly. These points and hundreds of others equally important ought to be in the possession of every man and boy who has occasion, or may have occasion, to use that noblest of all animals, the Horse. They are liable to be required at any minute, and the lack of them may cost hundreds of dollars. All of the foregoing and much other information valuable to Horsemen can be obtained by reading our 100-Page Illustrated Horse Book, which we will forward, postpaid, on receipt of only 25 cents in stamps.

Illustrated 100-Page Horse Book.

ONLY A QUARTER, IN SILVER OR STAMPS.

BOOK PUB. HOUSE, 134 Leonard St., N. Y.

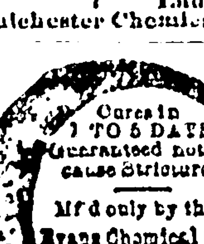
Dr. Lobb, 329 N. 15th St. PHILA., PA. After ALL others fail, consult

Twenty years' continuous practice in the treatment and cure of the awful effects of early vice, destroying both mind and body. Medicine and treatment for one month. Five Dollars, sent securely sealed from observation to any address.

Book on Special Diseases free.

OPIUM and Whiskey Habits cured at home without pain. Book of particulars sent FREE. B. M. WOOLLEY, M. D. Atlanta, Ga. Office 65½ Whitehall St.

$5 to $8 a day. Samples worth $2.15 Free. Lines not under horses' feet. Write Brewster Safety Rein Holder Co., Holly, Mich.



CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH PENNYROYAL PILLS. Red Cross Diamond Brand.

The only reliable pill for sale. Safe and sure. Ladies, ask Druggist for the Diamond Brand, in red metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other. Send 4c. (stamps) for particulars and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by mail. *Name Paper.* Chichester Chemical Co., Madison Sq., Philada., Pa.

Big G. Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture. Mf'd only by the Evans Chemical Co. Cincinnati, Ohio. Trade Mark.

I prescribe and fully endorse Big G as the only specific for the certain cure of this disease. G. H. INGRAHAM, M. D., Amsterdam, N. Y.

We have sold Big G for many years, and it has given the best of satisfaction. D. R. DYCHE & CO., Chicago, Ill. $1.00. Sold by Druggists.

The New Oxford Item.

NEW OXFORD, PA.

FRIDAY EVENING, AUG. 16 1889.

FEARFUL AND WONDERFUL.—The Bible says, "man is fearfully and wonderfully made." But physiologists all concede that the most wonderful portion of man is the nervous system. In it are located the seats of life and mind, and the control of all the bodily organs. When the nerves are destroyed, the part is paralyzed. The flesh, blood and bones are as nothing to it. Derangements of the brain or nerves are causes of headache, fits, dizziness, fluttering of the heart, sexual weakness, sleeplessness, neuralgia, cold hands and feet. A free trial bottle of Dr. Miles' Nervine—the latest and most successful cure for all these diseases may be had at Dicks' drug store.

The Edgar Thomson Steel Works at Braddock, did a quick piece of work just after the Johnstown flood. An order for 1,000 tons of steel rails was received one morning. Rolls had to be changed, but within thirty-six hours the rails were delivered seventy miles away.

EPOCH.—The transition from long, lingering and painful sickness to robust health marks an epoch in the life of the individual. Such a remarkable event is treasured in the memory and the agency whereby the good health has been attained is gratefully blessed. Hence it is that so much is heard in praise of Electric Bitters. So many feel they owe their restoration to health, to the use the Great Alterative and Tonic. If you are troubled with any disease of kidneys, liver or stomach, of long or short standing you will surely find relief by use of Electric Bitters. Sold at 50c. and $1 per bottle at Dicks'.

Eben S. Allen, president of the 42nd Street and Grand Street Ferry Railroad Company, New York, was arrested Wednesday at the request of the directors of the company, charged with forgeries amounting to $184,000.

THEIR BUSINESS BOOMING.—Probably no one thing has caused such a general revival of trade at Dicks' drug store as their giving away to their customers of so many free trial bottles of Dr King's New Discovery for Consumption. Their trade is simply enormous in this very valuable article from the fact that it always cures and never disappoints. Coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, croup, and all throat and lung diseases quickly cured. You can test it before buying by getting a trial bottle free, large size $1. Every bottle warranted.

Three Hungarian laborers were attacked by striking coke men at Keating Station, on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, Wednesday morning. One was fatally and other two seriously injured.

AN INVARIABLE SIGN.—Swelling of the ankles or feet when not due to rheumatism, Prof. DeCosta says, is always caused by a weak or diseased heart. So is shortness of breath, pain or uneasiness when lying on the left side, smothering spells. The only cure is Dr. Miles' New Cure. Sold at Dicks'.

Henry Scott, a lad employed at the Lebanon Bolt and Nut Works, was caught by shafting and whirled around seven times. His clothing was torn from his body, which saved his life.

EVERY HOME SHOULD HAVE IT.

It is not always convenient to call a Physician for every little ailment. Having Red Flag Oil in the house you have a Physician always at hand. It kills Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Burns, Bruises and all Aches and Pains. Price 25 cents.

There are few things in this life of which we may be certain, but this is one of them. Puritan Cough and Consumption Cure has no equal for coughs, colds and consumption. Price 25 cents. At J. W. Barnitz's Drug Store.

Robert Slick, aged 23, of Leitersburg, Md., was fatally stabbed during a street fight in Hagerstown, last Saturday night, by Michael Zimmerman, of Cherry Run.

The Sioux Indians have agreed to cede 11,000,000 acres of their lands in Dakota. If Congress approves the agreement the lands will be thrown open to settlement.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

Eleven one armed switchmen on the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad are on a strike at Chicago for an advance in wages. Other switchmen threaten to go out if new men are put in their places.

Henry K. Boyer, of Philadelphia, was nominated for State Treasurer by by the Republican State Convention, in session at Harrisburg Wednesday.

FORTUNATE FATHER AND SON.—"I am as certain as I now live," says C. E. Bartholemew, of Kalaska, Mich., "that Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y., saved my life when I was a victim of that terrible renal disorder—Bright's Disease. My son had a fever sore on his leg. He, too, used Favorite Remedy and is now well. But for this medicine I am sure both father and son would have been six feet under the sod.

The Illinois coal operators refused to meet the miners half way, and there is no prospect of a settlement.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Ulcers, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. W. Dicks.

Scientific authorities state that there are five different kinds of poison in a cigarette. Evidently the dude is hard to kill.

DON'T WHIP A SICK HORSE, M. P. Nor take Cathartic Pills when your bowels or liver are sluggish. The are whips. But try once at least—Miles' Nerve and Liver Pills. They act through the nerves. Samples free at Dicks'.

An old man named Beil was knocked off a trestle on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad last Thursday evening, at Taylortown, and instantly killed.

MALARIA.

As an anti-malarial medicine

DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S

FAVORITE REMEDY

has won golden opinions. No traveler should consider his outfit complete unless it includes a bottle of this medicine. If you are exposed to frequent changes of climate, food and water, Favorite Remedy should always be within your reach. It expels malarial poisons, and is the best preventative of chills and malarial fever in the world. It is especially offered as a trustworthy specific for the cure of Kidney and Liver complaints, and all disorders arising from an impure state of the blood. To women who suffer from any of the ills peculiar to their sex Favorite Remedy is constantly proving itself an unfailing friend—a real blessing. Address the proprietor, Dr. D. Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y. $1 bottle, 6 for $5, by all druggists.

Stone in the Kidney.

How it was Removed Without the Use of the Surgeon's Knife.

In the spring of 1878 I was taken with sharp pains in the lower part of my bowels in the region of the bladder. Shortly blood appeared mixed with my urine, and a few weeks later I had an attack of brown gravel. I tried a number of doctors. One said it was gravel, another said it was acute

Inflammation of the Bladder,

and another that I had a stone in my left kidney. For three months I was under the care of an eminent specialist at Albany, but constantly growing worse I gave up in despair and went home to die. Relatives heard of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout N. Y., and urged me to try it. Soon the medicine began to help me; the pain and distress lessened. In two months' time I left my bed, and in six or seven months I was robust and strong. A remedy which can do this for one so near death as I was should be known everywhere. I hope this statement will cause others afflicted as I was to find relief in the same source.—C. W. Brown, Petersburg, N. Y. Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy will cure Fever and Ague, Rheumatism, Debility of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidney and Bladder, when no other medicine or treatment has been of any benefit.

Favorite Remedy, Rondout,

N. Y. Price One dollar. Sold by all Druggists.

Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy,

Prepared by

DR. DAVID KENNEDY, RONDOUT, N. Y.

$1 per bottle Six for $5. By all druggists.

J. M. MARTIN,

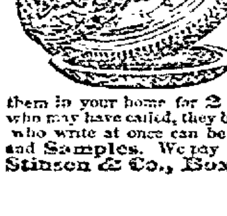
Irishtown, Pa., dealer in

All kinds of Groceries,
Sugars, Teas, Coffees, Syrups,
Spices.
Canned Goods: corn, peas, tomatoes, peaches.
oysters.
Dried Fruit: apples, peaches, prunes, blackberries, corn, currants, raisins, figs, dates, etc., etc.
Oranges, apples, rice, hominy, beans, corn starch, buckwheat flour, oat and corn meal, feed, etc.
cheese. soaps.

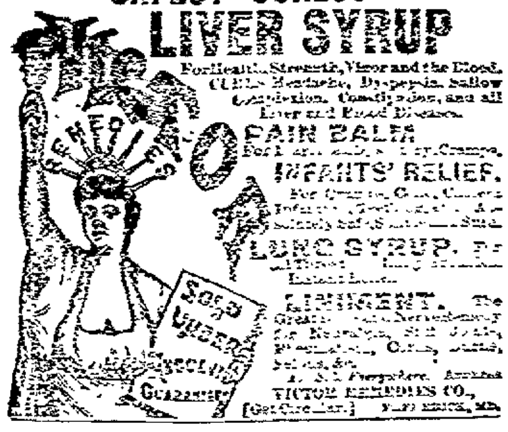
A comic paper called Crack Shots given with every 10-cent plug of tobacco.

A full line of notions, queens and glassware, etc., for sale.

FIFTY DOLLARS for LIFE SCHOLARSHIP PALMS' BUSINESS COLLEGE 1708 Chestnut St., Philada. Positions for Graduates. Time required 3 to 4 mos. *Best Equipped.* Best Course of Study. *Circulars free. Please name this paper.*



FREE $85 Solid Gold Watch. Sold for $100, until lately. Best $85 watch in the world. Perfect timekeeper. Warranted. Heavy Solid Gold Hunting Cases. Both ladies' and gents' sizes, with works and cases of equal value. One Person in each locality can secure one free, together with our large and valuable line of Household Samples. These samples, as well as the watch, we send Free, and after you have kept them in your home for 2 months and shown them to those who may have called, they become your own property. Those who write at once can be sure of receiving the Watch and Samples. We pay all express, freight, etc. Address Stinson & Co., Box 812, Portland, Maine.



USE—SAFEST—SUREST—*BEST* LIVER SYRUP

For Health, Strength, Vigor and the Blood. Cures Headache, Dyspepsia, Sallow Complexion, Constipation, and all Liver and Blood Diseases.

PAIN BALM For Pain ... Cramps.

INFANTS' RELIEF. For Cramps, Colic, ...

LUNG SYRUP. For ...

LINIMENT. The Great ... for Neuralgia, ... Sprains, Corns, ...

VICTOR REMEDIES CO., [Get Circular.] ...

A GOOD INVESTMENT!

Here a chance for you.—Shoes must go and we know what we must do to make them go, the price must be the inducement. During the heavy rains our cellar was flooded and we were obliged to move our entire stock from the cellar to the upper floors, and we are so cramped for room that we are positively obliged to sell several thousand dollars' worth of goods in order to get room for our fall goods which we are buying.

The following are some of the bargains we offer:—

A lot of Ladies' genuine kid and Dongola Button Shoes, all solid, at $1.

A lot of Ladies' old hand-turned shoes at $1.50, regular price $2.75.

A lot of Men's light colored shoes, all solid at $1.75.

A lot of Ladies' Oxford ties, in all qualities, that must go at way down prices.

A lot of Ladies' kid and bright pebble button shoes at $1.50, regular price $2.25.

A lot of Pels' shoes in all styles, all hand made, at $3, regular price $4.50.

A lot of Men's handmade French calfskin shoes will be closed out at $2.50.

Men's every day shoes, all solid, $1.

A lot of Wigwam light colored slippers, at 50 and 75 cents

A lot of Men's fine patent leather shoes, guaranteed to be French calf and all handmade at a great reduction.

We cannot give you a list of all the goods we are going to sell you at these low prices, but we must close a great many goods and these prices will only hold good until our stock is reduced.

H. Long & Son,

Bucher's Block, next door to A. N. Michael's Hardware Store, Hanover.

Advertise in the ITEM to draw trade

FIRST-CLASS

FAMILY GROCERY,

Cor. Centre Sq. and Hanover St., New Oxford, Pa.

—:(o):—

P. J. NOEL

having disposed of his liquors, will now give his whole attention to the Grocery business, promising the public a first-class stock of goods at his ing at the lowest living prices. He will always have a full assortment of

GROCERIES, Molasses, Sugars, Coffees, Spices, Teas, salt, Cheese, Brushes, Soaps, Matches, Tobacco, Cigars, Crackers, Confections, and everything else to be found in a Family Grocery.

COUNTRY PRODUCE also dealt in extensively, and sellers and buyers are invited to give his store their custom. Nothing left undone to please and no trouble to show goods and prices. Remember the old stand, S. E. Cor. Centre Square It is the place to get the worth of your money, not more.

15june79. ☞WALK IN!☜

The Celebrated New Oxford

ICE CREAM

THE undersigned wishes to announce to the public that he is giving his entire personal attention to the manufacturing of ICE CREAM, having an engine to run his machinery, and with his long and extended experience in the business, is now more fully prepared to furnish

Pic-Nics, Celebrations,

as well as

Retailers and Families,

at the shortest notice with the best of Ice Cream well packed in ice. Give him a call before ordering elsewhere and learn his

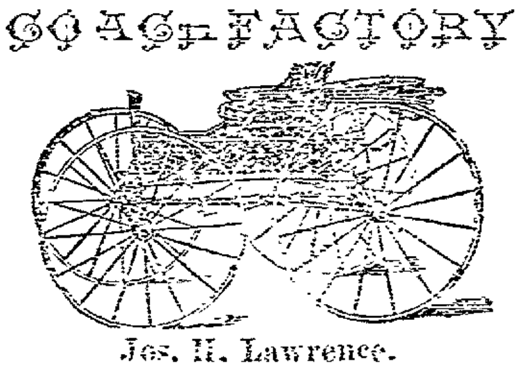
SPECIAL RATES.

He returns his thanks to his many patrons and kindly requesting them as well all others who may become his patrons to return cans and stands as soon as emptied. All Cream guaranteed to give entire satisfaction. BLUE FRONT, on Pitt street, near the R. R. Depot New Oxford, Adams county Pa.

D. J. A. MEHRING.

NEW OXFORD

COACH FACTORY



Jos. H. Lawrence.

NEW OXFORD, - - Pa.

MANUFACTURER OF

Carriages, Buggies, &c.

Every vehicle I manufacture is made throughout—woodwork, ironwork, painting and trimming—in my own shops, by competent mechanics, every one of whom has served a regular apprenticeship at his trade; I am thus enabled to guarantee full satisfaction in every particular.

—REPAIRING—

of all kinds done promptly, at reasonable prices

12mar85tf JOS. H. LAWRENCE.

25,000 CARPENTERS now use our SAW FILER to file all kinds of saws so that they will cut better than ever. Price, $2.50 Circulars and prices to agents. Address, E. ROTH & BRO., New Oxford, Pa.

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Subscribe for the ITEM, only $1.

New Goods! Big Bargains!

READY-MADE CLOTHING!

MERCHANT - TAILORING!

Gents' Furnishing goods! Dry goods!
Notions, Hats, Caps, Carpets, Carpet-chain,
Feathers, Looking Glasses, &c., &c.
All at the very lowest prices.

CARVER & LITTLE,

Cor. Broadway and Fountain Sq., HANOVER, PA.

STORE CLEANING TIME!

The wide awake merchant is at this sort of thing early. While our stock is full of all sorts of Hot Weather Goods, we are at the same time cleaning up all sorts of goods at a SACRIFICE PRICE which makes our store the most economical place in the county to buy from. Our stock is very complete in every particular and free from what merchants term Hard Stock, so that whatever you buy from us is fresh, new and clean.

Call on the Leaders:

G. W. WEAVER & SON,

GETTYSBURG, PA.

PIANOS & ORGANS!

We have always a large stock of first-class instruments, such as

WEBER, DECKER BROS., NEW ENGLAND, FISCHER AND ESTEY PIANOS;

PALACE, LORING & BLAKE, ESTEY, SMITH'S AMERICAN, MASON & HAMLIN, WEAVER, COTAGE QUEEN, WILCOX & WHITE, BURDETTE, & NEW ENGLAND ORGANS.

We sell on easy terms at a low figure, on installments or for cash.

We also trade on old pianos and organs.

Pianos and organs for rent by the month or year.

Every instrument fully warranted as represented.

Give me a call.

MARIA L. FORRY & CO.,

Carlisle St., Hanover, Pa.

—GRAIN AND—

PRODUCE!

The undersigned, having leased the Brick Warehouse on Hanover street, New Oxford Pa., will buy and sell all kinds of Grain and Country Produce, such as

Wheat, Hay, Straw, Rye, Corn, Oats, Potatoes, Bran, Middlings, Chop, &c., &c.

also the best brands of

Roller & Country Flour,

AND COARSE AND FINE SALT.

Sellers and buyers will find it to their advantage to give me a trial. A liberal share of public patronage solicited. ☞FREE DELIVERY anywhere in the borough. ☞Car leaves New Oxford every Thursday noon for Baltimore. Returning, leaves Hillen Station every Friday at 1 o'clock, p. m. All orders left with me will receive prompt attention.

mas7, Z. H. CASHMAN.

FRESH OYSTERS

at the Red Front Grocery

to-morrow evening.

A big lot of fine

Aspinwall Bananas

at the Red Front Grocery.

CHOCOLATE & VANILLA

ICE CREAM

at the Red Front Grocery

to-morrow evening.

-GO TO-

John H. Nau

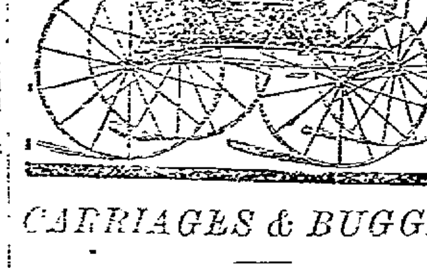
Littlestown, Pa., for your

TOMBSTONES

As my business has been greatly increased on account of my cheap and substantial work, I have been compelled to get additional hands who are skilled in fine work. I am at all times prepared to furnish the most beautiful

Monuments, Tombstones, Lintels, Door Sills, &c., at Bargains.

My work extends all through Carroll and Frederick counties, Md., and Adams and York counties, Pa. I guarantee my prices and work to suit all persons making purchases from me. Call and examine and satisfy yourself. All orders promptly attended to. Work delivered free of charge. Yards on Frederick street, Littlestown, Pa.



CARRIAGES & BUGGIES!

BOND & CO.

(Successors to Weaver & Co.)

Manufacturers of

Light Carriages!

of every description

Every vehicle turned out of our Works is made throughout,—wood work, ironing, trimming, painting, in our own shops, under our own supervision; and we are thus enabled to guarantee full satisfaction in every particular

Top and No-Top Buggies, Jump Seats, for and 4 passengers, Extension-Top Phaetons, Brewster Side-Bar Buggies Piano Box Buggies, 2 and 3 Spring Phaetons, Dayton Wagons, &c.

We are prepared to do all kinds of repairing such as Painting, Smithing, Trimming, and Wood work. All work done in the best manner and at reasonable prices. Call and see our stock. BOND & CO., Corner of High and Bolton sts., New Oxford, Pa.

NEW OXFORD

Flouring Mills.

E. G. WINAND, PROP'R.

Choice Family Roller & Burr Flour!

This flour is put up in ¼ and ½ bbl. sacks, and will make Nicer, Sweeter and More Nutritious Bread than any other flour in the country; for sale in New Oxford by Z. H. Cashman, G. N. Warner, and Red Front. All kinds of Grinding done at short notice. Bran, chop, and all kinds of feeds for sale at lowest cash prices. Delivery wagon to New Oxford every Monday and Thursday. P. O. address, NEW OXFORD, PA.

NEW TYPE

makes us better prepared to do

JOB WORK!!

Neat and Quick Work. Low Prices

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

The New Oxford Item.

NEW OXFORD, PA.

FRIDAY EVENING, AUG. 16 1889.

FEARFUL AND WONDERFUL.—The Bible says,"man is fearfully and wonderfully made." But physiologists all concur that the most wonderful portion of man is the nervous system. In it are located the seats of life and mind, and the control of all the bodily organs. When the nerves are destroyed, the part is paralyzed. The flesh, blood and bones are as nothing to it. Derangements of the brain or nerves are causes of headache, fits, dizziness, fluttering of the heart, sexual weakness, sleeplessness, neuralgia, cold hands and feet. A free trial bottle of Dr. Miles' Nervine—the latest and most successful cure for all these diseases may be had at Dicks' drug store.

The Edgar Thomson Steel Works at Braddock, did a quick piece of work just after the Johnstown flood. An order for 1,000 tons of steel rails was received one morning. Rolls had to be changed, but within thirty-six hours the rails were delivered seventy miles away.

EPOCH.—The transition from long, lingering and painful sickness to robust health marks an epoch in the life of the individual. Such a remarkable event is treasured in the memory and the agency whereby the good health has been attained is gratefully blessed. Hence it is that so much is heard in praise of Electric Bitters. So many feel they owe their restoration to health, to the use the Great Alterative and Tonic. If you are troubled with any disease of kidneys, liver or stomach, of long or short standing you will surely find relief by use of Electric Bitters. Sold at 50c. and $1 per bottle at Dicks'.

Eben S. Allen, president of the 42nd Street and Grand Street Ferry Railroad Company, New York, was arrested Wednesday at the request of the directors of the company, charged with forgeries amounting to $184,000.

THEIR BUSINESS BOOMING.—Probably no one thing has caused such a general revival of trade at Dicks' drug store as their giving away to their customers of so many free trial bottles of Dr King's New Discovery for Consumption. Their trade is simply enormous in this very valuable article from the fact that it always cures and never disappoints. Coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, croup, and all throat and lung diseases quickly cured. You can test it before buying by getting a trial bottle free, large size $1. Every bottle warranted.

Three Hungarian laborers were attacked by striking coke men at Keating Station, on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, Wednesday morning. One was fatally and other two seriously injured.

AN INVARIABLE SIGN.—Swelling of the ankles or feet when not due to rheumatism, Prof. DeCosta says, is always caused by a weak or diseased heart. So is shortness of breath, pain or uneasiness when lying on the left side, smothering spells. The only cure is Dr. Miles' New Cure. Sold at Dicks'.

Henry Scott, a lad employed at the Lebanon Bolt and Nut Works, was caught by shafting and whirled around seven times. His clothing was torn from his body, which saved his life.

EVERY HOME SHOULD HAVE IT.

It is not always convenient to call a Physician for every little ailment. Having Red Flag Oil in the house you have a Physician always at hand, it kills Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Burns, Bruises and all Aches and Pains. Price 25 cents.

There are few things in this life of which we may be certain, but this is one of them, Puritan Cough and Consumption Cure has no equal for coughs, colds and consumption. Price 25 cents. At J. W. Barnitz's Drug Store.

Robert Slick, aged 23, of Leitersburg, Md., was fatally stabbed during a street fight in Hagerstown, last Saturday night, by Michael Zimmerman, of Cherry Run.

The Sioux Indians have agreed to cede 11,000,000 acres of their lands in Dakota. If Congrass approves the agreement the lands will be thrown open to settlement.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

Eleven one armed switchmen on the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad are on a strike at Chicago for an advance in wages. Other switchmen threaten to go out if new men are put in their places.

Henry K. Boyer, of Philadelphia, was nominated for State Treasurer by by the Republican State Convention, in session at Harrisburg Wednesday.

FORTUNATE FATHER AND SON.—"I am as certain as I now live," says C. E. Bartholomew, of Kalaska, Mich., "that Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y., saved my life when I was a victim of that terrible renal disorder—Bright's Disease. My son had a fever sore on his leg. He, too, used Favorite Remedy and is now well. But for this medicine I am sure both father and son would have been six feet under the sod.

The Illinois coal operators refused to meet the miners half way, and there is no prospect of a settlement.

BUCKLEN S ARNICA SALVE.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Ulcers, Chappea Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. W. Dicks.

Scientific authorities state that there are five different kinds of poison in a cigarette. Evidently the dude is hard to kill.

DON'T WHIP A SICK HORSE, M. P. Nor take Cathartic Pills when your bowels or liver are sluggish. The are whips. But try once at least—Miles' Nerve and Liver Pills. They act through the nerves. Samples free at Dicks'.

An old man named Bell was knocked off a trestle on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad last Thursday evening, at Taylortown, and instantly killed.

MALARIA.

As an anti-malarial medicine

DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S

FAVORITE REMEDY

has won golden opinions. No traveler should consider his outfit complete unless it includes a bottle of this medicine. If you are exposed to frequent changes of climate, food and water Favorite Remedy should always be within your reach. It expels malarial poisons, and is the best preventative of chills and malarial fever in the world. It is especially offered as a trustworthy specific for the cure of Kidney and Liver complaints, Constipation and all disorders arising from an impure state of the blood. To women who suffer from any of the ills peculiar to their sex Favorite Remedy is constantly proving itself an unfailing friend—a real blessing. Address the proprietor, Dr. D. Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y. $1 bottle, 6 for $5, by all druggists.

Stone in the Kidney.

How it was Removed Without the Use of the Surgeon's Knife.

In the spring of 1878 I was taken with sharp pains in the lower part of my bowels in the region of the bladder. Shortly blood appeared mixed with my urine, and a few weeks later I had an attack of brown gravel. I tried a number of doctors. One said it was gravel, another said it was acute

Inflammation of the Bladder,

and another that I had a stone in my left kidney. For three months I was under the care of an eminent specialist at Albany, but constantly growing worse I gave up in despair and went home to die. Relatives heard of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout N. Y., and urged me to try it. Soon the medicine began to help me; the pain and distress lessened. In two months' time I left my bed, and in six or seven months I was robust and strong. A remedy which can do this for one so near death as I was should be known everywhere. I hope this statement will cause others afflicted as I was to find relief in the same source.—C. W. Brown, Petersburg, N. Y. Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy will cure Fever and Ague, Rheumatism, Debility of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidney and Bladder, when no other medicine or treatment has been of any benefit.

Favorite Remedy, Rondout,

N. Y. Price One dollar. Sold by all Druggists.

Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy.

Prepared by

DR. DAVID KENNEDY, RONDOUT, N. Y.

$1 per bottle Six for $5. By all druggists.

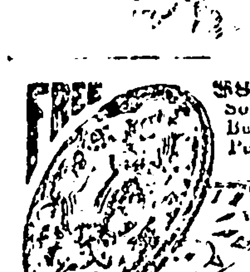
J. M. MARTIN,

Irishtown, Pa., dealer in

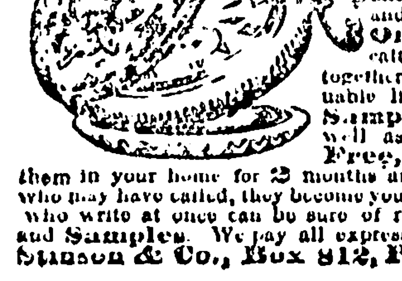
All kinds of Groceries,
Sugars, Teas, Coffees, Syrups,
Spices.
Canned Goods: corn, peas,
tomatoes, peaches,
oysters.
Dried Fruit: apples, peaches,
prunes, blackberries, corn,
currants, raisins, figs,
dates, etc., etc.
Oranges, apples, rice, hominy,
beans, corn starch, buckwheat flour, oat and
corn meal,
feed, etc.
cheese. soaps.

A comic paper called Crack Shots given with every 10-cent plug of tobacco.

A full line of notions, queens and glassware, etc., for sale.



FIFTY DOLLARS for LIFE SCHOLARSHIP PALMS' BUSINESS COLLEGE 1708 Chestnut St., Philada. Positions for Graduates. Time required 3 to 4 mos. Best Equipped. Best Course of Study. *Circulars free if you name this paper.*



FREE $85 Solid Gold Watch. FREE Sold for $100. until lately. Best $85 watch in the world. Perfect timekeeper. Warranted. Heavy Solid Gold Hunting Cases. Both ladies' and gents' sizes, with works and cases of equal value. One Person in each locality can secure one free, together with our large and valuable line of Household Samples. These samples, as well as the watch, we send Free, and after you have kept them in your home for 2 months and shown them to those who may have called, they become your own property. Those who write at once can be sure of receiving the Watch and Samples. We pay all express, freight, etc. Address Stinson & Co., Box 812, Portland, Maine.

USE—SAFEST—SUREST—*BEST*

LIVER SYRUP

For Health, Strength, Vigor and the Blood. CURES Headache, Dyspepsia, Sallow Complexion, Constipation, and all Liver and Blood Diseases.

PAIN BALM For [illegible] Cramps.

INFANTS' RELIEF. For Cramps, Colic, Cholera Infantum, Teething, &c. Absolutely Safe, Sure and Sure.

LUNG SYRUP. For all Throat and Lung Troubles. Instant Relief.

LINIMENT. The Great [illegible] Nerve Remedy for Neuralgia, Stiff Joints, Rheumatism, Corns, Burns, Felons, &c.

Sold Everywhere. Address VICTOR REMEDIES CO., [Get Circular.] FREDERICK, MD.

A
GOOD
INVESTMENT!

Here a chance for you.—Shoes must go and we know what we must do to make them go, the price must be the inducement. During the heavy rains our cellar was flooded and we were obliged to move our entire stock from the cellar to the upper floors, and we are so cramped for room that we are positively obliged to sell several thousand dollars' worth of goods in order to get room for our fall goods which we are buying.

The following are some of the bargains we offer:—

A lot of Ladies' genuine kid and Dongola Button Shoes, all solid, at $1.

A lot of Ladies' did hand-turned shoes at $1.50, regular price $2.75.

A lot of Men's light colored shoes, all solid at $1.75.

A lot of Ladies' Oxford ties, in all qualities, that must go at way down prices.

A lot of Ladies' kid and bright pebble button shoes at $1.50, regular price $2.25.

A lot of Pels' shoes in all styles, all hand made, at $3, regular price $4.50.

A lot of Men's handmade French calfskin shoes will be closed out at $2.50.

Men's every day shoes, all solid, $1.

A lot of Wigwam light colored slippers, at 50 and 75 cents

A lot of Men's fine patent leather shoes, guaranteed to be French calf and all handmade at a great reduction.

We cannot give you a list of all the goods we are going to sell you at these low prices, but we must close a great many goods and these prices will only hold good until our stock is reduced.

H. Long & Son,

Bucher's Block, next door to A. N. Michael's Hardware Store, Hanover.

Advertise in the ITEM to draw trade

FIRST-CLASS

FAMILY GROCERY.

Cor. Centre Sq. and Hanover St., New Oxford, Pa.

—:(o):—

P. J. NOEL

having disposed of his liquors, will now give his whole attention to the Grocery business, promising the public a first-class stock of goods at his store at the lowest living prices. He will always have a full assortment of

GROCERIES, Molasses, Sugars, Coffees, Spices, Teas, Salt, Cheese, Brushes, Soaps, Matches, Tobacco, Cigars, Crackers, Confections, and everything else to be found in a Family Grocery.

COUNTRY PRODUCE also dealt in extensively, and sellers and buyers are invited to give his store their custom. Nothing left undone to please and no trouble to show goods and prices. Remember the old stand, S. E. Cor. Centre Square It is the place to get the worth of your money, not more.

13june79. WALK IN!

The Celebrated New Oxford

ICE CREAM

THE undersigned wishes to announce to the public that he is giving his entire personal attention to the manufacturing of ICE CREAM, having an engine to run his machinery, and with his long and extended experience in the business, is now more fully prepared to furnish

Pic-Nics, Celebrations,

as well as

Retailers and Families,

at the shortest notice with the best of Ice Cream well packed in ice. Give him a call before ordering elsewhere and learn his

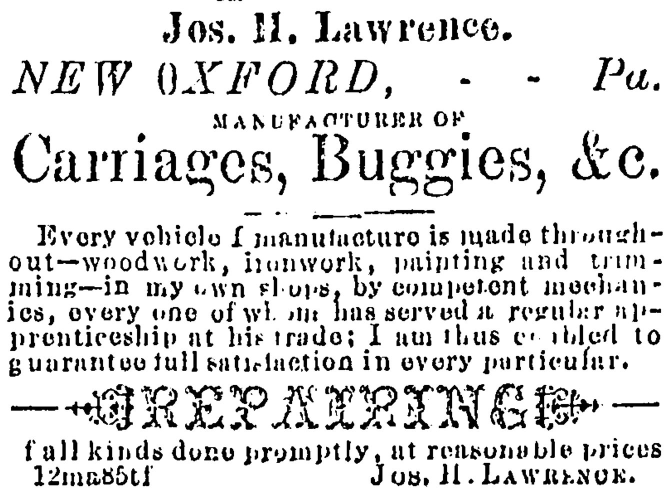
SPECIAL RATES.

He returns his thanks to his many patrons and kindly requesting them as well all others who may become his patrons to return cans and stands as soon as emptied. All Cream guaranteed to give entire satisfaction. BLUE FRONT, on Pitt street, near the R. R. Depot New Oxford, Adams county Pa.

D. F. A. MELHORN.

NEW OXFORD

COACH FACTORY



Jos. H. Lawrence.

NEW OXFORD, - - Pa.

MANUFACTURER OF

Carriages, Buggies, &c.

Every vehicle I manufacture is made throughout—woodwork, ironwork, painting and trimming—in my own shops, by competent mechanics, every one of whom has served a regular apprenticeship at his trade; I am thus enabled to guarantee full satisfaction in every particular.

—REPAIRING—

of all kinds done promptly, at reasonable prices

12ma85tf Jos. H. LAWRENCE.

25,000 CARPENTERS now use our SAW FILER to file all kinds of saws so that they will cut better than ever. Price, $2.50 Circulars and prices to agents. Address, E. ROTH & BRO., New Oxford, Pa.

Hapr82ly.

Subscribe for the ITEM, only $1.

New Goods! Big Bargains!

READY-MADE CLOTHING!

MERCHANT - TAILORING!

Gents' Furnishing goods! Dry goods!
Notions, Hats, Caps, Carpets, Carpet-chain,
Feathers, Looking Glasses, &c., &c.
All at the very lowest prices.

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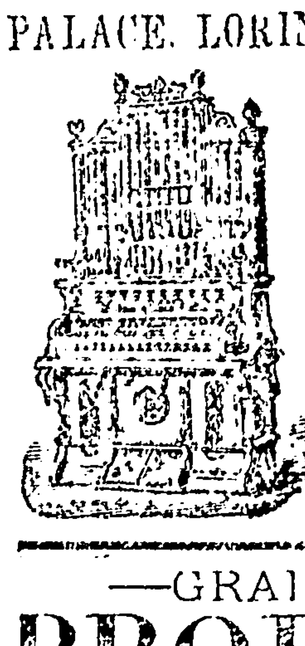

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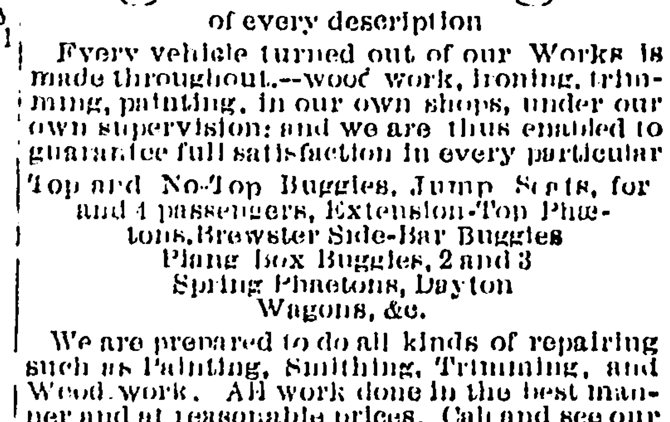

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